

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S first message to Congress effectually disposes of any notion lingering in this country that the United States is willing either to make or listen to any fair proposition for reciprocity. With him and those for whom he speaks, "reciprocity is only the handmaiden of protection," and so we may as well settle down to the fact that we can at least have a reciprocity of tariffs, for that depends upon ourselves alone, and hereafter we should abandon all flirtations with the "handmaiden" and treat our neighbors exactly as they treat us.

ANARCHY is a crime against the whole human race, and all mankind should band against the anarchist. His crime should be made an offence against the law of nations, like piracy and that form of man-stealing known as the slave trade, for it is a far blacker infamy than either. It should be so declared by treaties among all civilized powers." This is President Roosevelt's opinion as expressed in his message to Congress, but anarchy was not so regarded by the United States until the nation lost its chief magistrate at the hand of an anarchist. Until that time our neighbors thought it a proof of their liberality and wide human sympathy that they were willing to afford refuge and succor to the king-killers of Europe, the Fenians who raided Canada, the assassins of British officials in Ireland, and the moral scum of the earth generally. Apparently nothing but an object lesson, a blow in the vital part of their self-interest, can teach this insufferably self-satisfied government the existence of any other nation which has rights that should be respected.

He is in favor of the re-enactment of the Chinese Exclusion Act, and his statement to that effect comes with poor grace in the same message which advocates "the open door," with all that it implies; not merely the procurement of enlarged commercial opportunities on the coasts (of China), but access to the interior by the waterways. Only by bringing the people of China into peaceful and friendly community of trade with all the peoples of the earth can the work now auspiciously begun be carried to fruition." The reciprocity offered China by the exclusion of its people from the United States and the inclusion of its trade by the United States, is the sort of thing that Brother Jonathan would have Canada and the world believe is according to the Golden Rule.

In conclusion, he reverently thanks the Almighty "that we are at peace with the nations of mankind, and we firmly intend that our policy shall be such as to continue unbroken these international relations of mutual respect and goodwill." Like the Scotchman, he should also have thanked the Lord for "giein' us sic a guid conceit o' oorsels."

THE contingent now being got together in this country for South Africa is, after all, not to be called the "Canadian Yeomanry," that title having excited the hostile criticism and derision of so many of our newspapers. Lord Minto is of course blamed for even the suggestion of calling our troops yeomen, and the "Telegram" jeeringly remarks that he "might use his powerful and always anti-Canadian influence to force the still more feudal name on the blooming Canadians of Lord Minto's Own Regiment of Early English Squires." As I suggested a week or so ago, Lord Minto has acquired the unhappy reputation of being somewhat of an Imperial busybody, and is promptly blamed for every little snarl into which we get while corresponding with the Home authorities. Probably Lord Minto had nothing to do with the silly proposal of "Yeomanry" as a name for men who would probably prefer to wear the name of Rangers, Raiders, Blazers, Bushwhackers, Wild-Cats, Hellions, or any old thing not suggestive of mediaeval and fat-witted yokels.

COLONEL SAM HUGHES indignantly repudiates having offered to take the command of a "mere regiment" of Canadians in South Africa, but intimates that he would have been "pleased to accept the command of a brigade," provided, however, that he should have "proper recognition regarding rank," and be guaranteed "an absolutely independent command, subject only to Lord Kitchener or similar superior soldier." In his letter to the press Colonel Sam speaks of himself as one of the swiftest soldier chaps that ever came along the pike, able to "bag the Boers" and help wind up the war with gory neatness and bloody despatch. Indeed, he refers to himself in such complimentary terms as would make even an ordinary swashbuckler blush to hear applied to himself by a pal. Colonel Sam has just blown in from the trackless prairie, where he was filled nigh to bursting with the atmosphere of the wild and illimitable West, and he might be pardoned for his wild whoop of self-praise were it his first offence, or if in endeavoring to exaggerate his own importance he had omitted to sneer at the whole British army. Having told us how much Canada, and the British Empire generally, have missed by not giving him a small army and making him second in command to Kitchener, he will best show his love for his native land and his fellow Canadians by corking himself up till his fellow-citizens get over the tired, sick feeling they get when they hear him brag.

REV. J. E. STARR does not blame the police for the increased gambling in the city, but thinks the interpreters of the law are not without blame. It is only recently that the Press and the Pulpit have begun to question the infallibility of the Bench, and perhaps a little criticism may not hurt the judges, though I am doubtful if it will do anything but unsettle the public mind. The interpretation of a law is a technical and ticklish thing, and if we are not to think that our judges, if they stretch the meaning of a statute at all, do so on behalf of the people and in the direction of the evident meaning of the law-makers, what are we to believe? Are they over-technical, and in the case under discussion did they pull apart the warp and the woof of the law against gambling so as to let the gamblers escape? Brother Starr is getting on rather thin ice, and when he suggests that the cutting of \$5,000 out of the police estimates so weakened the force as to make it inefficient, the skating gets more insecure than ever. According to the press reports he said, "Give the police more funds and they will soon put the gamblers on the run." What would the police do with the \$5,000 cut out of the estimates, even if they had the spending of it? Aren't there policemen enough? Or would Brother Starr spend the money to buy evidence or to pay informers, or to influence the interpreters of the law? It is probable that Brother Starr knows very little about gambling or gamblers, or the making or interpreting of law, or he would not so cheerfully and impractically point out the way which the police "so long have sought and mourned because they found it not."

A DESPATCH from New York tells of the mournful plaint made by Sculptor MacCarthy of Toronto, who had to pay thirty-five per cent. ad valorem on the plaster model of a statue he took to that city to have cast in bronze. This statue has been ordered by the people of Halifax to commemorate the loyalty of the volunteers who went from there to the war in South Africa, and symbolizes

the Canadian infantry in the attitude of signalling "the enemy in sight." The corner stone of the monument which the statue is to surmount was laid by the Duke of York, but Mr. MacCarthy explains that as "the best work had to be had" he took the job to New York instead of Great Britain, where no duty would have been charged on his model. Unless the sculptor has been incorrectly reported, he and Halifax and Canada have been put in the position of preferring a patriotic work well done in a foreign and a comparatively unfriendly country, to an inferior job done in the workshops of the island of which we should be so proud. I do not believe that a bronze figure can be better cast in New York than in Great Britain, and it looks to me very much as if Mr. MacCarthy was using an opportunity which has presented itself to advertise himself, his model and the Yankee foundry at the expense of Canadian loyalty, good taste and good sense.

ANOTHER attempt is to be made for the release of Mrs. Maybrick, a Yankee woman in an English prison for poisoning her husband. A despatch from Cleveland, Ohio, says that a petition will be sent to the Mayors of Montreal and Toronto to be signed by Canadians and forwarded to the King, and that it is hoped that this appeal to the clemency of His Majesty will be successful because of the Canadian signatures. Canadians being just now very weighty owing to "the gallant work of Canadian soldiers in the Boer war." I would not be sorry to see Mrs. Maybrick liberated, for she has already been punished by many years of imprisonment, made additionally torturing by the false hopes of release raised by a dozen abortive attempts to have her pardoned. The proposal, however, that Canadians be used as the cat's-paw to pull the idol of Yankee sentimentalists out of jail, is a slur on our intelligence; and the

are called "trimmers" and "subservient party hacks" because they have suggested some means of escape from what is practically a disastrous situation. The one-eyed irreconcilables appear to have no principles and their only aim seems to be to get the Government into a bottomless hole, even at the risk of putting the province into the equally deep and uncomfortable predicament of being buried under a prohibition law which it will be impossible to enforce. Apparently they will be satisfied with nothing but the heads of G. W. Ross and his colleagues, and probably if they were candid they would admit that the political guillotine is too good for them and they should be tortured before death, and drawn and quartered afterwards. This craze for a political massacre is a poor thing to be behind those who openly clamor for a prohibition law, and even some of the prohibitionists themselves, dead as they appear to be to every impulse except the injecting of cold water into the community, are beginning to be suspicious of the company in which they find themselves for the moment, and of the fairness of their own tactics in trying to force one of their friends to the block that his and their enemies may have a chance to chop off his head.

No doubt the motive of the Premier, who has been a staunch prohibitionist all his life, in promising to support a sumptuary law, was partially personal, and yet it may be acknowledged that he was seeking the friendship and support of the prohibitionists politically without at the same time admitting him to be more crooked than other politicians who have been forced by the same element into similar predicaments. My suggestion last week that the referendum was the only decent escape for Mr. Ross from the false position in which he has been placed, or has placed himself, was based more on the desire to see Ontario escape from the fury of a politico-moral contest and prohibition, than to preserve Mr. Ross and his Government.

anything will be better than hasty or ill-considered action. The cost of a referendum is spoken of with alarm by those who insist upon a prompt measure. Have they reckoned the cost to the province of prohibition if passed? The expense of the referendum would be but a flea-bite compared with the millions of dollars which would be lost to the revenue if the liquor trade were changed from a legal business to an illicit traffic, and that is all that can be hoped for, while, according to the Privy Council, liquor can be manufactured in the province in spite of all provincial acts against its sale within the province. What are political revenges compared with the commercial revolution which is being invited? Surely sensible people will think more than once before joining either in the political or prohibition hue and cry which can bring us nothing but disturbance, disaster, and disrepute.

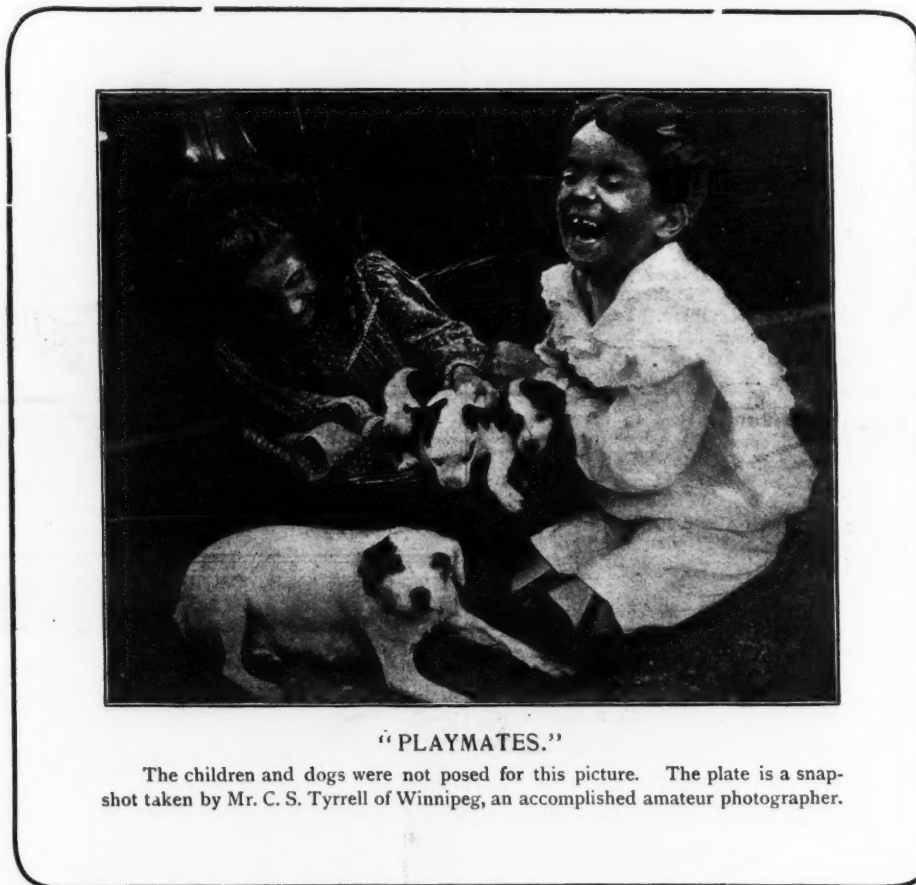
PROF. SHORTT, the political economist of Queen's University, is not only an original thinker, but a plausible speaker, and when he takes up any public question that has seemingly been dissected to the very marrow, he manages as a rule to say something new and to say it in such a way as to whip up our flagging interest. In his address at the Canadian Club luncheon on Britain's food supply, Prof. Shortt presented statistics that seemed to put a new face on the matter. He showed from what a variety of sources the Mother Country draws the breadstuffs that feed her industrial millions, and he argued that her food supply was in little, if any, danger of being shut off or even seriously diminished by any possible combination of hostile powers. He went further, and contended that Britain's safety from attack depends very largely on the fact that she is such a good customer of so many foreign peoples with surplus grain to sell. It was even more the concern of the selling than of the purchasing nation to protect cargoes in transit on the seas, and hence, argued Prof. Shortt, the food supplies of Great Britain were in reality conveyed and protected by the navies of the world, whereas if these supplies were drawn from the colonies the task would devolve solely on the British navy, and in time of war the British navy might be otherwise occupied.

Prof. Shortt's address will probably have the effect of modifying the notion that Great Britain is in imminent danger of being starved out, as extreme Imperialists have professed to fear. But the figures he quoted, if carefully examined, do not support the rest of his argument. The chief sources of Britain's food supply, according to Prof. Shortt's figures, are the United States and Argentina. Russia, Australia, and Canada send a considerable quantity, but not as much, all told, as either the American or the Argentine Republic. The amount contributed by Germany, France, Turkey, Roumania, Chili, and all other countries quoted by Prof. Shortt is a bagatelle. As everyone knows, France, Italy, Germany and Austria, in fact all the countries of Western and Southern Europe, are not to any extent exporters, but frequently importers, of grain. These states, therefore, would not be affected by a duty imposed by Great Britain on foodstuffs not grown under her flag. The only foreign countries that would be hit hard are Russia, the United States and Argentina. Russia could not be more hostile to British interests than she is now. Argentina is not worth taking into account as a power. As for the United States, any policy that strikes that country would certainly not be unpopular in Europe, where the lesson has been well learned that that nation never does and never will trade on fair terms unless forced to do so by inexorable self-interest. If United States grain were taxed by Great Britain, the latter would have something to "swap" in her dealings with the Republic. Her weakness at present in her commercial relations is that she has nothing to "swap." It is even conceivable that the "Americans," in order to secure exemption from duty on their food products entering British ports, would be anxious to get closer to Great Britain diplomatically and commercially, and thus Anglo-Saxon unity might become a reality much sooner than it otherwise would.

There are many other directions in which Prof. Shortt's conclusions do not bear examination. The question is an immense and involved one, and cannot be properly dealt with in a newspaper editorial. I have said enough probably to indicate that the political economist of Queen's University, like a great many specialists, has put forward a cock-sure opinion before looking at the subject from all points of view or carrying the argument as far as his own data would warrant.

MUCH is being published about the alleged marital infelicity of Queen Wilhelmina of Holland and her husband, Prince Henry. The gossip whispered over the cable goes the length of asserting that the Prince Consort slapped his wife's face while she was not feeling well, and that this unconventional conduct, together with his sullen and sometimes abusive resentment because she would not pay his debts, came near throwing Her Majesty into a fit. At any rate, the baby was born dead, and the Queen is either an invalid or assuming the part of one. I remember thinking when reading about the pretty but headstrong young woman who selected Prince Henry as her consort, that he would have rather a hard row to hoe. His position in life was inferior to hers, she was immensely rich, he immensely poor, and though his pictures in the illustrated papers made him appear a big, fine-looking and soldierly fellow, there was a boyish and half-baked look about him which indicated weakness of character and selfishness. Her portraits and the many descriptions of her which were published, together with the anecdotes so plentifully told of her impulsive and overbearing nature, suggested that she was something of a shrew. A woman can henpeck her husband with the best intentions, but it is doubtful if the one who is henpecked finds it any easier to stand that sort of thing because his wife tells him it is for his own good. The Dutch people are intensely fond of their Queen, and, young as she is, Wilhelmina has already adopted a tone of motherliness towards them which, though pleasing at home, is ridiculous to the onlookers of other nations. For Prince Henry, who is a German, they have not, and never had, any use, and no doubt his misdeeds have been exaggerated by the press and the people, and it is quite possible that the Queen has passively, if not actively, encouraged the worst possible view of her husband's conduct in order to justify herself.

After all, kings and queens and princes and princesses are only ordinary people with grand titles and unusual educations. The long line of ancestors of which they boast is supposed to give them exceptionally good breeding, if we take for granted that their progenitors were themselves well bred. Unfortunately, the long line of ancestry, if history is to be believed, almost invariably includes more vice than virtue, more intolerance than tenderness, more intrigue than candor, more tyranny than mercy. When two people, each bred in such a way as to exaggerate all their tendencies, try to live together, the very accentuation which the impulses of their great-grandparents have received by intermarriage with those of the same sort, makes violent disagreements almost unavoidable. The Dutch and the German characters are too near alike to hope for the striking of an average such as can frequently be found when two extremes meet, and we can easily understand the stubborn



"PLAYMATES."

The children and dogs were not posed for this picture. The plate is a snapshot taken by Mr. C. S. Tyrrell of Winnipeg, an accomplished amateur photographer.

suggestion that this country is willing to trade on its loyalty to the Crown in order to induce the authorities to do that which they have several times refused to do, puts us in the light of a lot of cheap Johnnies holding down our half-baked heads to be patted by hands that would sooner box our ears than give us the cheapest kind of a caress. Canada has not the slightest interest in Mrs. Maybrick, and we certainly did not send our soldiers to South Africa to get her out of jail. As our neighbors individually, not officially, have sympathized so much with the Boers, the Cleveland lawyer had better send his petition to Kruger and DeWet, and the Canadian mayors should chuck the petitions sent them into the stove.

THE Dominion Alliance is mustering its forces, and a delegation of prohibitionists is shortly to call on Premier Ross to demand a sumptuary law such as they feel they have been promised. The Conservative newspapers, while disclaiming any idea of forcing the Premier into such an awkward position that he will be forced to pass such a law at the next session, are at the same time using every possible endeavor to prove that he will be a coward and recreant if he does not do it. In this way the newspapers opposed to Premier Ross politically are practically the strongest allies of the prohibitionists, though with one exception they have expressed no opinion either for or against prohibition. The only opinion, in fact, they have definitely decided as being "judicious" is that if he does not pass such a law next session, he will be a promise-breaking liar; if he does, he will be a promise-keeping fool; while if he passes the law and submits it to a referendum he will be a sneak and a trimmer, and if he arbitrarily passes it without submitting it to a referendum he will be a tyrant for doing that which he was not elected to do.

Apparently Mr. Ross's greatest sin in their eyes consists in having made a promise which in the opinion of a large section of the community he should not have made. What should be the proper punishment for making or breaking such a promise? We are told that Hugh John Macdonald has proved himself a noble and glorious man for having kept an ante-election promise, the keeping of which violated his principles. His father, in the eyes of the critics of the Ross Government, was also a noble and glorious statesman, but it is said that he broke promises with the same readiness that he made them, therefore a comparison between these two dissimilar characters affords us no indication as to the true belief of Mr. Ross's opponents with regard to promise-making and promise-breaking. The action of the press anxious to see the plans of the prohibitionists defeated

The situation is such as to demand careful thought and prudent action regardless of political leanings, and even the large number of clergymen interviewed by the reporters of the "Evening News" (a Conservative paper) have shown a praiseworthy tendency to look the facts in the face instead of being carried away by the possibility of a technical success for so-called temperance. Almost everywhere amongst temperance workers has been seen the same desire to proceed slowly and not get in advance of public opinion. Statistics prove that Canada is per capita a much smaller consumer of intoxicants of every class than either the United Kingdom, France, Germany, or the United States, which shows that temperance education has done and is doing a great deal for this country. In the Ontario plebiscite of 1894, 192,489 expressed themselves in favor of prohibition, and 110,720 voted against it. In 1898, only 154,498 voted in favor of prohibition, while 115,284 voted against. This showed a considerable increase of anti-prohibitionists and a great decrease in the ardor of the prohibitionists. It was noticeable in both instances that only about half of the voters on the list expressed any opinion at all, the percentage of those who voted in 1894 being 55.21, and in 1898, 46.77. Evidently the silent half of the electors did not take sufficient interest either way to go out and record their vote. Even the most enthusiastic prohibitionist cannot have the face to claim that these tens of thousands of indifferent voters could be aroused to assist in enforcing prohibition if such a law were passed either directly by the Legislature or by a referendum which only demanded a majority of the votes polled.

In the face of the facts that we now have less need of a prohibition law than was felt a few years ago, the convictions for drunkenness having gone down in this province from 6,200 in 1887 to 3,370 in 1900, and that even the prohibitionists are lukewarm in their demands compared with their insistence in the past, the Conservatives who do not believe in prohibition are inconsistently hounding the Government into passing a law which no one believes could be enforced. It would appear that if we are to have prohibition it will be at the instance of the politicians who are itching for office and the prohibition extremists who feel that their virtue will be out of business unless they can provoke a furious and fanatical fight. If I believed that such a law could be enforced I would not for a moment oppose it. In such a position as we find ourselves, however, with none of those who are shouting loudest for prohibition believing in their hearts that it can be enforced, and with such divergent motives for their clamor, it is strange that any thoughtful and reasonably conservative man should be disgusted with the whole situation? Surely



It is now three years since the public first had an opportunity to judge the Pianola.

An instrument affording a new method of piano-playing, it was then announced, which did away entirely with the tediousness of exercises and practice.

By means of a mechanism so delicate and responsive

As to admit of artistic and individual expression.

The broad assertion was made that

With the Pianola

Anyone

Could play anything

On any piano.

This was supplemented by the still more interesting intimation that

In the Pianola the skilled pianist would find neither a soulless imitator nor an unworthy rival, but a valued ally, and an always interesting friend.

Such an announcement coming from the manufacturers of the Aeolian, so well and favorably known to the musical public, naturally aroused immediate attention and no little expectation.

Of self-acting pianos, or mechanical piano-players, there were already a number.

But here was the definite promise of something different.

Would it be different?

And if so, How? and Why?

It certainly was different. So entirely different that even with the most accomplished and critical of piano virtuosi incredulity speedily gave place to astonishment, and astonishment to enthusiasm.

Here, for the first time in the history of the piano, was an instrumentality which, while it insured with absolute certainty the striking of the right note at the right time, and for exactly the right length of time, left to the intelligence of the performer the force with which it should be struck, and the nature of the blow. Tempo as well as touch was under complete control, and the various pedal effects were easily available.

It was also immediately established that the Pianola was essentially an instrument allowing progress—as much so as the piano itself.

That, while at the very outset it placed at the command of the merest novice a technique not ordinarily attainable, except by long and weary years of perpetual practicing, there was for the skilled musician possibilities in the Pianola which time itself could not exhaust.

Criticism was invited.

Not without difficulty, the greatest pianists of the century were induced to

personally investigate the Pianola; and one by one, Rosenthal, Sauer, De Pachmann, Moszkowski, and Paderewski rendered their verdicts of approval and endorsement.

These opinions are a matter of record, and of widespread publicity. Coming from the acknowledged masters of the piano—men who have devoted their lives to its study, and whose names will forever be associated with it, such testimony was naturally sufficient to overcome any possible prejudice that might exist against the employment of an instrument simply because it was an instrument.

And it was soon realized that the Pianola, so far from depreciating Art or cheapening its quality, might easily become a marvelous aid to its development.

It is doubtful whether any other musical invention of any kind whatsoever, in any age of the world, ever aroused greater interest, or was received with greater favor.

The Pianola affords—

To the Novice:

Immediate ability to play any piece, no matter how difficult, with technical correctness;

To the Average Player:

Opportunity to immeasurably increase the power of expression and to extend indefinitely the simplest repertoire;

To the Multitude who "Used to Play":

A revival of all the old-time musical habit and enthusiasm, with enjoyment increased by the increase of capability and scope;

To the Skilled Pianist:

The artistic rendition of masterpieces by the hundred instead of by the score;

To the Student, no matter how far removed from teachers and conservatories:

The most liberal education—the most practical and helpful of all tuition;

To the entire household:

Extension of piano enjoyment to every member of the family.

The Pianola means a widespread revival of interest in piano-playing;

The resurrection of "dead" pianos;

The substitution of better instruments for those that, seldom used, had been thought "good enough."

Everywhere it acts as a stimulant to musical thought—a refiner of musical taste—an educational force.

Is it to be wondered at that in its short public history the Pianola has achieved a success surpassing that of any other musical invention of the century?

ugliness of such a scandal as has arisen in the Court at The Hague.

Prince Henry complained to his friend the Kaiser that his wife would not whack up enough for him to pay his debts, which may have been incurred by gambling or otherwise, but which she, as the possessor of many millions, should have put out of his way. He considers that she is not only niggardly, but wants to keep him in a position of running to her for pocket-money, so that she may take the full value out of him and her expenditure by treating him as a lap-dog. Taking their cue from their Queen, the Dutch Ministers have treated him as a person of no importance whatever, and therefore this strutting German officer appears to have determined to act as he is treated—like a hound. Prince Albert when he first became the Royal Consort of Queen Victoria found his life a hard one because he was so disliked by the English people, but the never-dying affection of his wife and his own superior manliness, tact and intellect soon won for him a place, in the respect of the British people. Yet it is within the memory of those who are still alive that the effusive affection of Queen Victoria and her never-failing effort to keep the Prince Consort not only in sight, but by her side, made him appear something like a distinguished retainer selected to give her a companion and the British people an heir to the throne.

In private life a man who weds money in order to avoid work makes an unspeakably bad bargain unless by nature he is a loafer, and so lacking in worth and self-respect as to blunt the arrows of popular scorn and make him impervious to the wounds which a shrewish or contemptuous woman finds it so easy to inflict. If a man marries without love and solely to obtain a position or a competence, his wife, no matter how dull she may be, is sure to discover that he is the meanest of all social parasites, the fortune-hunter, and is sure to meet him with upbraidings, taunts, or that most pathetic of all things, hysterical appeals for love which he does not possess and cannot successfully simulate. If he is the stronger character of the two he may swindle her out of her money, and basely desert her after he has obtained what he married her for. If she be the stronger of the two, he will be forced to run to her every time he wants the price of a box of cigars or a new suit of clothes, and she will probably never fail to accompany the cash with a scolding or a big dose of unpalatable advice. As a rule, women would rather stay single than wed a known fortune-hunter, no matter how attractive he may be, but when the fair sex desires to be convinced, a very little argument or show of affection will carry conviction. The majority of men would rather be king in a five-roomed house than a so-called prince consort in a palace. But then there are, unfortunately, a large class of both men and women who think they cannot be happy without an assured income or plentiful wealth. Where there is one chance for a man to marry a woman for money, there are hundreds of chances for a woman to marry a man, not because she loves him or for his moral worth, but because he can give her a fine house, plenty of servants, and a chance to shine as a person of social distinction. To decide that they can find happiness in this way is to declare it proven that a woman can be happy without being loved, which is an admission not usually made, and if it be true that a woman loves her children only in proportion as she loves her husband, true motherly delight in offspring is apt also to be denied to her. There may be nothing in love in a cottage, but if the sweet dove of affection and peace flies so soon from the face of poverty, what must be the condition of discontent and dislike in the mansion where love has never been even as a visitor? Our disappointments and pains increase in proportion to our possibilities. To the poor, joy comes with trifles and love seems everything. To the rich, who have everything else within their reach, love also assumes the undue proportion of being everything, particularly if it is absent, as it always is in a mercenary marriage, no matter whether the commercial spirit rules the wife, the husband, or both. Poor Queen Wilhelmina had to marry because she was a queen. Prince Henry did not have to marry her, but he made the bargain, and should have put up with the false position for which he was the successful applicant. But in the case of ordinary people no one is forced to marry, and everyone can well afford to bear in mind that there are a heap of worse things than being dead, and many worse conditions than being single.

CELAND is a land without crime, has no prisons and no policemen. It is stated that within the last thousand years the records of the island contain but two cases of theft. One was sheep-stealing by a man whose family was in want of food, and the odium attached to the offence was considered sufficient punishment. The other offence was also sheep-stealing, but the offender was in comfortable circumstances, and was sentenced to sell his property, restore the value of that which he had stolen and leave the country—or be executed. Of course he left the country. It is doubtful if those of us who live amidst the alarms of burglars and the rumors of crimes could be induced to spend our days in a country so lacking in movement, ambition, variety, competition and intelligence as not to develop amongst its people offences against property and the possessors of more than their share. One can find perfect safety from robbers on an uninhabited island, but remote from everything but the sounding sea the price paid for it in lonesomeness would be awfully out of proportion to the security felt. Many people, without calculating the cost in anything but money, go to foreign countries to make their fortunes and live amongst people who speak a different language, have different laws and standards of morality and happiness, and are there submitted to the, perhaps unintended, indignities which are heaped upon aliens. Money obtained in the social isolation of such surroundings is dear at any price, no matter how much of it one gets. As a rule, a single young man in Canada can live in good surroundings, have access to intelligent society, be well fed, warmly housed, and have plenty to interest him every day in the year, for ten or twelve dollars a week, while if he had an income of a thousand dollars a week in such foreign countries as the majority of our adventurers seek, the same pleasures and immunity from irritating contacts, the same food and health, could not be purchased for that sum, nor indeed at all, for they are not there. After years of toil a sufficient sum may finally be got together to enable the adventurer to return home, but home does not seem the same to him, and he finds himself unfitted to find happiness in either his native or adopted country. If a man marries a foreigner and settles down in the rude country of his wife's relatives he is almost certain to degenerate to the level in which he finds himself anchored for life, and even when he is old he is still more or less of a foreigner even in his own home and amongst his best friends. The young man who has not tried to live without sympathy, associations and affection should think a good many times before sacrificing these to make a fortune, for where there is one usual inducement offered there are not to be many disadvantages and irritations to make life miserable.

THE Sioux City, Ia., School Board has fitted up a lunch-room where the scholars can purchase hot dishes at minimum rates, and everything is sold for checks which can be obtained in small amounts. Ninety boys and girls can be served in ten minutes, and the hot lunches, which only cost a trifle, are clean and the food of the best. This seems to be another movement towards the simplifying of housekeeping, for in large cities, where the men either take their lunches or get them down town, the midday meal is prepared largely for the schoolchildren. In Chicago and many of the large cities, co-operative dining-rooms have been established which will provide food for two or three thousand at a meal. Dining-tables, with napery and dishes belonging to those using them, are allowed, and special dishes are served. The average cost of meals at such places is about twelve and a-half cents apiece. If the servant girl question continues to become more embarrassing, it will not be long before Home will be little more than a place to sleep.



THE season so brightly opened in October has continued brilliant, and the number of teas, dances, dinners, luncheons, progressives and suppers is enormous. It becomes necessary to secure a date very far ahead for a dance, and teas tumble over each other, as many as nine having been in progress in various quarters and sets on one afternoon, and three or four being a not infrequent plethora on one visiting list. Needless to say, calling has been largely neglected in many quarters, and the end of the year will not see the welcome clearing off of visiting lists which is so desirable. However, when debtor and creditor continually find themselves elbowing each other when the one should be paying and the other receiving a visit, it is generally understood that they are quits.

One of last week's brightest teas was given by Mrs. Ross Robertson of Colindale, and was of such dimensions as to fully tax the capacity even of her large and convenient residence. The hostess received in the drawing-room, looking very nice indeed, in a handsome black gown with transparent guimpe of tucked black chiffon. Mrs. Robertson's welcome to her friends is always dignified and hearty, and everyone enjoyed last week's tea exceedingly, finding all their friends about and plenty of merriest debutantes and other society girls, to minister to the tastes of the huge crowd of guests. I saw Miss Marjorie Cochrane flitting about very busily, doing as deftly as more experienced girls, and everyone knows that it takes "a head" to wait upon one's friends and to look after strangers at one of these crowded afternoons. The buffet was lovely with huge 'mums, and the prevailing tint was a delicate pink, and with very pretty shades in pink and silver. Very nice music was supplied by the Italians, and the guests were smart, jolly people who had good stories to tell, good jokes to laugh at, and good fellowship all round. Mrs. Robertson's own happy disposition and ready wit gave the tone to her reception, as the hostess of sufficient force of character is able to do, and it remains one of the brightest memories of Thanksgiving week.

Mrs. Wallbridge is giving twin teas on the 13th and 14th of this month, next Friday and Saturday afternoons, and I fancy that Saturday's tea will be for the younger men and girl friends of her charming daughter, Miss Jeanie Wallbridge, who is back again in her accustomed place in society this year.

Rev. D. Bruce Macdonald and Mrs. Macdonald of St. Andrew's College went to London for Thanksgiving, to visit Mrs. Parfitt, Mrs. Macdonald's mother, and returned on Monday.

Mrs. Humphrey is giving an afternoon tea next Tuesday. Mrs. Guy Warwick of Sunningdale also gives a tea on Tuesday, and Mrs. Henri Suydam and Mrs. Barnhart give an afternoon progressive at Mrs. Suydam's residence, 62 Madison avenue, on the same day.

Yesterday a lot of teas were in progress. Miss Harris of St. George street had her cards out first for this busy day. Mrs. Wilbur Matthews, who is, with her two nice daughters, welcome back after a long sojourn abroad, gave another of Friday's teas at her home, 76 Pembroke street. Mrs. Armstrong Black, one of the most popular and admired young hostesses in Toronto, gave an afternoon re-

At the Christmas breakfast table present Daddy with the Baby's Photograph in an artistic Frame such as shown in our window.

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among contemporaries and invests it with its rare individuality, simple dignity and infinite charm.

THE GRAND REPEATING ACTION . . .

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THE CLASSIC CASE . . .

Are all features appealing strongly to the cultured musical taste. They prove the ambition of THE BELL CO. to produce nothing short of the PERFECT PIANO.

They are a surprise and delight to thousands of visitors—a wonderful revelation to all interested in promoting a higher standard of musical art in Canada.

THE BELL PIANO PARLORS, handsomest in America, 146 Yonge Street, TORONTO.

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Rich Cut Glass

Our staff of expert workmen are producing even more brilliant effects in Cut Glass than any other factory in America.

If Cut Glass has not brilliancy it has nothing.

Ask for Canadian Cut Glass and you will get ours, because we are the only cutters in Canada.

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A Handsome Skirt for \$5.00



SPECIAL OFFER

We are selling a handsome skirt like cut made of fine frieze or homespun in black or dark gray, with welt seams, corded flare, tailor made, any size, regular \$7.50, for \$5.00.

In ordering by mail give front length and waist measure. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

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226 and 228 Yonge St.

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Have a glorious variety of all the Favorite flowers in season suitable for every purpose.

Out-of-town Orders always delivered in perfect freshness.

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While we draw your attention to other classes of Goods, we do not wish you to overlook our stock of Household Necessities, comprising

Mangles Wringers
Meat Choppers Cleavers
Coffee Mills Trays

And no end of other Small Articles, of which we carry a Complete Stock

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Style, quality and value always meet in "DIAMOND HALL" Jewelry. Everything sold by us carries with it our personal guarantee. If you order by mail and are not satisfied when you see the article, we cheerfully refund money in full upon its return.

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No. 4908 N—Solid Gold Thimble, \$1.00 (When ordering state size required.)

No. 5811 N—10k. Gold Links, heavy, \$5.00 per pr.

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No. 5823 N—Same, 14k. Gold, extra heavy, \$9.00.

No. 4387 N—Fine Diamond Stud, \$20.00.

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No. 3503 N—Fine Diamond Pin, \$50.00.

No. 5840 N—14k. Gold Links, heavy, with fine Diamonds, \$15.00 per pr.

No. 5809 N—Sterling Silver Links, 50c. per pr.

No. 5810 N—Same, 10k. Gold, \$3.50 per pr.

No. 5832 N—Fine Diamonds and Emerald, \$65.00.

No. 3648 N—14k. Gold Ring with Five Turquoises, \$13.00.

No. 9524 N—Gold Pin, with Pearl, \$1.50.

No. 9525 N—Same, without Stone, \$1.25.

No. 9532 N—Fine Gold Pin Greek Finish, \$2.75.

No. 4374 N—Fine Gold Thimble set with Turquoises or Pearls, \$13.00.

No. 4385 N—Same, without Stone, \$10.00.

No. 5005 N—Chateau Watch, light blue, or dark blue Enamel, with Solid Gold Center, \$15.00.

No. 5518 N—14k. Heavy Gold Case, Ryrie Bros. "Special" 17 Jewel Movement, \$50.00.

No. 5519 N—Same in Gold Filled Extra Case, \$25.00.

No. 5508 N—14k. Extra Heavy Solid Gold Case, Ryrie Bros. 16 Jewel Movement, \$35.00.

EXPANSION BRACELET WATCH.

No. 5513 N—Expansion Bracelet Watch, 14k. Gold, High Grade, Full Jewelled Lever Movement, \$65.00.

No. 4309 N—Fine Pearl Brooch, \$5.

No. 5528 N—14k. Gold Filled Extra Hunting Case, Ryrie Bros. "Special" 15 Jewel Movement, \$20.00.

No. 5529 N—Same in 14k. Solid Gold Case, \$40.00.

No. 5906 N—14k. Solid Gold Chateau Watch, \$23.00.

No. 5907 N—Watch without Brooch, \$20.00.

No. 9489 N—Gold Hat Pin Set with Pearl, \$4.50.

No. 9486 N—Gold Hat Pin, \$2.75.

No. 5040 N—14k. \$10.

No. 5041 N—10k. \$5.50.

No. 5042 N—Silver, \$2.25.

No. 3545 N—Fine Diamond Brooch Pin, \$55.00.

No. 3546 N—Same, Smaller Size, \$25.

No. 3384 N—Fine Pearl Brooch or Pendant, \$25.

No. 3447 N—Solid Gold and Enamel Brooch, with Pearls, \$6.25.

No. 3537 N—Fine Diamond, Emerald and Pearl Pin, \$25.

No. 5969 N—14k. \$7.00.

No. 5970 N—10k. \$5.50.

No. 5971 N—Silver, \$1.75.

No. 3538 N—Fine Diamond and Turquoise \$35.00.

No. 3539 N—Same, with Opal Center, \$75.

No. 3396 N—Fine Pearl Monogram Brooch, any letters, \$18.00.

No. 3396 N—Solid Gold Pin with Pearls, \$4.00.

No. 4376 N—Fine Solid Gold Match Box, \$18.50.

No. 3603 N—Solid Gold Pin with Pearls, \$3.75.

No. 4392 N—Gold Tie Clip, \$1.75.

No. 4394 N—Gold Tie Clip, \$4.50.

No. 4395 N—Fine Gold Tie Clip with Diamond, \$12.00.

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ception at the manse, which was a sure engagement for every invited guest at some time between the possible limit of tea-goers.

Mrs. R. S. Williams of 112 Avenue road gave an afternoon tea on Thursday, on which evening Rev. Fred Plummer delivered a lecture on music in country churches at the Conservatory of Music. By the way, there is nothing better done in that very interesting book of Ralph Connor's, *The Man From Glengarry*, than his description of the congregational singing in the parish where the author was born and bred. It is just perfect.

Miss Danereau of Montreal has returned home. Miss Muriel Stanton of Blundellsands, Liverpool, is visiting Mrs. Gunther of Bellevue. Mrs. Newman of Crescent road is prolonging her visit to her brother, Mr. Edward Fuller, in Montreal, as Mrs. Fuller is in attendance upon her father, Mr. Bate of St. Catharines, whose illness is reported very serious.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Cawthra, who are inveterate travelers, having explored most of this earth's beauty-spots, have gone south for the early winter. Mrs. Agar Adamson and her bonnie son are with Mrs. Cawthra in Beverley street. Mr. Adamson has returned to Ottawa.

Mrs. Rolleston Tate of Lakefield has been regretfully bidden au revoir by her many Toronto friends, who have enjoyed so greatly a glimpse of her charming face, and hope for another very soon.

Mrs. Ramsay (nee Meredith) returned from a visit in London on Monday. Mrs. Alfred Denison spent Thanksgiving with her mother, Mrs. Sandys, in Chatham, and returned on Monday. Senator Cox went up to London on Thanksgiving to visit relatives.

Mrs. L. H. Evans is giving a tea this afternoon at her residence, 97 Spadina avenue. A very pretty debutante, Miss Winnifred Evans, will meet her mother's guests at this tea. Mrs. and Miss Evans were abroad all last season and the younger lady has fully taken advantage of her opportunity for advanced study, and is as bright as she is beautiful.

Mrs. Osborne of Clover Hill and her little daughter, Miss Margaret Osborne, are leaving for the South before the New Year. Mrs. Osborne's absence will leave a blank in smart circles, but has been for some seasons rendered necessary by her little daughter's health, which absolutely demands a change from Toronto's trying winter weather.

Mrs. Harley Roberts gave a tea to some hundreds of her friends at her pretty home in Charles street on Monday afternoon. It was a crush, but a very jolly one, and the good forethought of the dainty little hostess in having two tea-rooms was much appreciated by the ladies who enjoyed the hour in pleasant company. Music floated down the stairway from an upper landing, where the Italian orchestra was stationed. The hostess received in the doorway of a little cosy-room, just at the entrance to the drawing-room, leaving all the larger apartments free to the pleasant groups of women, who chatted and laughed and admired the lovely tea-tables, the deft waitresses and each other. Mrs. Roberts wore a very delicate gown of smoke grey, with applications of fine black lace, and fashioned in a quaint and becoming style, exactly suiting her pretty and piquante self. She had several Kingston friends and Toronto intimates assisting in the twin tea-rooms. Mrs. Eddie Bickford, in a pretty royal blue and white silk, Miss Lola Henderson in cream, touched with shell pink, being of the party. Mrs. Charles Grasset, aunt of the hostess, who is living with her this season, was a quiet and watchful lady in a rich black gown, touched with jet. The

tea-table in the drawing-room was done in pink 'mums and pink toned the bonbons and decorations, but the sweetest imaginable table was set in the dining-room, centered with a "kopje" of white tulle garlanded with bebe ribbons and crowned by a magnificent bouquet of huge white chrysanthemums. To tell who were at Mrs. Roberts' tea would tax space too much, but the guests came early and stayed late, leaving many compliments behind for the dear little hostess, whose bright home is always a happy center for kindred spirits.

Mrs. Krell and Miss Thomson have been stopping at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York. Shortly after their arrival in Gotham Mrs. Krell was unfortunate enough to contract sore throat, which laid her up for a week, a most trying contretemps to the little lady, who loves a good time and knows so well how to have it.

Miss Sears, who has been so popular, is bidding Toronto good-bye for a time, and will do so to her friends at Mrs. Humphrey's tea on the tenth, to which a number of young ladies and a few matrons have been asked.

Major Hendrie and Mr. Gartshore are taking a course at Stanley Barracks. Miss Higginson, one of the most delightful English girls who ever visited Toronto, has gone home to England. I believe she sails from Boston this week.

Miss Meta Macbeth is visiting Mrs. Drury in Kingston. Miss Vivian Williams is being welcomed with great pleasure at all social functions. She is a rarely lovely and sparkling girl.

Amongst the Torontonians residing in London, Eng., for the winter months are Mrs. Pyne, Miss Pyne, Mr. Arthur Hewett, Mrs. Michie, Misses Michie, Mr. James Merriek and Mr. A. L. McCready.

Mrs. Charles A. Larkin, 2 Maple avenue, Rosedale, will be at home on the first and second Mondays of each month.

Mrs. Riddell of Spadina road leaves the city this week, with Miss Riddell, to spend the winter in the South. Miss Elsie and Miss Jean are in residence meanwhile at St. Margaret's College.

A very pretty wedding took place on Wednesday, the 27th ult., at St. Matthew's Church, Quebec, when Miss Marion Stowell Pope, second daughter of Mr. Edwin Pope, was married to the Rev. William Barton, M.A., son of Henry Musgrave Barton, Esq., of Festing Grove, Hants, England. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. F. G. Scott, M.A., D.C.L., rector of the church, assisted by the Revs. J. S. Brewer and H. Hamilton, orates. The sacred edifice was beautifully decorated by the Guild of the church, of which the bride has been a member for several years. Through the kindness of Mr. J. W. Jamieson, who presided at the organ, and of the voluntary choir, the musical portion of the service was exquisitely rendered. The bride, who was given away by her father, was handsomely gowned in white silk, with veil and orange blossoms, and was attended by her sisters and her cousin, Miss Emma Pope. They wore charming gowns of reseda green, black velvet hats, and carried pink chrysanthemums. Their ornaments were opals and pearls, the gifts of the groom, who was supported by his brother, Mr. Cecil A. Barton. The bride was the recipient of many handsome gifts. Mr. and Mrs. Barton left by C.P.R. for a trip to the West.

An elaborate entertainment is to be given in the Temple Building on December 19, 20, and 21, in aid of St. Alban's Cathedral building fund, under the clever management of Mrs. Arthur. The entertainment is to take the form of a fancy fair, in which everything for sale is to be made of

paper. Already a large number of orders for lamp-shades, tea-cosies, etc., have been received. Each evening an exhibition of Mrs. Jarley's waxworks will be given under the management of Mrs. Grayson Smith, and each afternoon a Mother Goose entertainment for children which will represent a child-trip to Santa Claus land.

At the request of the Woman's Art Association, the artists whose names are given have kindly consented to open their studios to visitors on the afternoon of the first Saturday of each of the three winter months, beginning with to-day: R. F. Gagen, 90 Yonge street; Miss Laura Muntz, Room R, Yonge Street Arcade; C. M. Manly, Room S, Yonge Street Arcade; F. McG. Knowles, Room V, Confederation Life Building; Mrs. Dignam, 284 St. George street; T. Mower Martin, 11 Queen street east; Miss Heaven, Imperial Chambers, 32 Adelaide street east; George Chavignand, Room 6, 43 Adelaide street east; Miss E. May Martin, 70 Yorkville avenue; Thomas Mowbray, 126 Church street; Miss Ward, Imperial Chambers, 32 Adelaide street east; Miss Winch, 619 Church street.

Mrs. W. J. McNally of 250 Major street has returned home and will receive as formerly on first and third Fridays.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Price of Quebec have been visiting Port Hope. One of the traditional rights of Trinity College School is that when an "old boy" brings his bride to the school he can claim a half-holiday for the school-boys. Mr. Price, who was one of the cricket eleven of 1887 and 1888, introduced his bride on Saturday, and addressing the school in the dining-hall claimed the old-time privilege, which was at once granted by the head master, Dr. Symonds, amid vociferous cheers.

The fifth in the series of excellent lectures being given under the auspices of the Woman's Art Association in their art gallery, Confederation Life Building, is one granted by special request by J. Humfrey Anger, Mus.Bac., Oxon., of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, and is to be about "The Early Piano." These lectures have been full of interest to art-loving people, and this, to be delivered on Thursday, December 12th, will be of exceptional interest especially to musicians. Rev. Alexander MacMillan, lecturer at the Conservatory, is to occupy the chair.

To Amateur Photographers.

AMATEUR photography has made great strides in Canada in recent years, and some of the very best photographers in the country are amateurs. Unfortunately much of the finest work done by those who use the camera as a means of recreation never gets publicity beyond the narrow circle of the operator's friends. "Saturday Night" would be glad to receive photographs of interesting, odd or picturesque subjects—preferably Canadian—taken by amateurs. Our facilities for reproducing these in half-tone are the best. We could not guarantee to use all the pictures sent in, but unused prints would be returned if accompanied by the address of the sender. In the case of such pictures as might be used, due credit would be given the photographer, and in this way an intelligent, mutual interest would be created and maintained amongst contributors to the series. Send along your best prints, together with particulars of the subject, and your own name and address, and we will do the rest.

Success at Last.

Doctor Brown—Well, did you keep the thermometer in the room at seventy degrees, as I told you? Mrs. Murphy—I did, indeed, doctor, but I had a hard time to do it. The only place it would stay at sixty was forminst the chimney-piece—"Life."

Fairweather's

Xmas Furs



Many of the handsomest and most costly gifts are made in the smaller pieces of fur—we have this in mind in designing and making up many of the Caperine, Scarf and Boa styles we're displaying in our fur show rooms this week—and with the most elaborate of them service and comfort are not overlooked in the least—a visit to our show rooms may settle all doubt what to give or to get—"not how cheap but how good" fits the holiday idea immensely—and remember this—excellence in quality doesn't always mean a high price.

Caperines

Persian Lamb and Alaska Sable Caperines, exclusive designs.....\$2.00 to \$5.00
Persian Lamb and Mink Caperines.....\$5 to \$30.00
Persian Lamb and Stone Marten Caperines, up to.....100.00
Solid Alaska Sable Caperines.....\$5.00 to \$35.00
Electric Seal and Astrachan Caperines, special.....12.00

Boas and Scarfs

Isabella, Blue, Black, Sable and Red Fox Boas—(Sets).....15.00 to 75.00
Cub Bear Boas.....25.00 to 35.00
Fine Cub or Cinnamon Bear Sets.....60.00 to 90.00

Jackets

We make a specialty of fine Persian Lamb and Alaska Seal Jackets—from stock or to order.

Persian Lamb Jackets.....\$5.00 to 150.00
Alaska Seal Jackets.....150.00 to 250.00
Electric Seal Jackets.....35.00 to 65.00

J. W. T. FAIRWEATHER & CO., 94 YONGE ST., TORONTO

Social and Personal.

THE East and West sides have each been enriched by the debut of a pretty maiden since my last chronicle. On Wednesday, November 27, Mrs. E. J. Lennox brought out her young daughter, Miss Eola, who is a very sweet and popular little lady. The tea at which she made her formal entry into society was a large and crowded function, at which the guests were noticeably smart and jolly. Mrs. Lennox received with her daughter beside her in the drawing-room, wearing a very handsome and quiet gown of pale fawn voile, elaborately but unobtrusively embroidered and inserted in a very dainty and elegant style. The hostess presented her little debutante to her friends, and everyone had something nice to say of the smiling girl, who looked very pretty in the regulation white frock. The guests found a royal effect in decoration in the tea-room, where golden mums, huge balls of color, centered a purple bed of violets and garlands of wide purple ribbons. It was quite the handsomest and most striking floral effect of the season, and a feast for the lovers of beauty who viewed it. The delicate perfume of violets was quite noticeable, and the tea-table really "a thing of beauty." A large party of young people did their graceful task of waiting on the crowd of ladies with their usual ability, and the musicians played all the new music in honor of so fair an event as the coming out of the daughter of the house.

On Wednesday of this week Mrs. Carveth gave a tea to present her daughter, Miss Aileen, a young girl who has long been the pet of a loving circle of relatives and friends. Miss Carveth returned recently from a prolonged visit to relations in England, and was welcomed home with great pleasure by Toronto friends. At her debut she wore a white mousseline frock and carried a sheaf of American Beauty roses. Mrs. Carveth looked lovely in a black lace gown over rose silk, and Mrs. George Macdonald, her sister, was in pearl gray with white lace and chaperoned a sweet coterie of girls in the tea-room. Misses Roland Hills, Mary Miles, Edith Coady, Isabel McWilliams, Ruby Aikins and Frances Lister were the attendants. The table was done in an ideal debutante effect—a rustic jardiniere was filled with huge white and pale green mums. These latter may not be quite according to the 'mum color scheme, but they are simply lovely. The idea of the scheme was carried out to perfection. The ices, punches and lemonade were green, and the rare plates used for the gateaux were in the chosen tint, as well as the bonbons and sweetmeats. Plenty of flowers were about the rooms; the reception-room was done in scarlet, with fairy lights, a mantel banked with ferns and carnations and a glowing grate and chandelier screened with scarlet. This was a veritable cosy corner in an inclement winter afternoon. The attendance of friends at Miss Carveth's debut was immense, as her family has a large and important acquaintance in Toronto.

Mrs. Alfred T. Smith of Buffalo came to Toronto on Wednesday for a few days. On Friday a pretty luncheon was given in her honor at the rose room at McConkey's, when Mrs. Otter, Mrs. Buchan, Mrs. Macdougall, Mrs. and Miss Vivien Williams and Mrs. Paul Krell were among the company.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Richardson announce at Whitby the engagement of their daughter, Ada Alma Howard, to W. W. Crawford, M.D., of Hattiesburg, Mississippi, marriage to take place Christmas week.

Miss Tubby of Rose avenue is visiting friends in Acton and Guelph.

On Tuesday evening the Parkdale Euchre Club were entertained by the Misses Roberts of King street west. The prize-winners of the evening were

I Will Cure You of RHEUMATISM.

No Pay Until You Know it.

After 2,000 experiments I have learned how to cure Rheumatism. Not to turn bony joints into flesh again; that is impossible. But I can cure the disease always, at any stage, and forever.

I ask for no money. Simply write me a postal and I will send you an order on your nearest druggist for six bottles of Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure, for every druggist keeps it. Use it for a month, and if it does what I claim, pay your druggist \$5.50 for it. If it doesn't, I will pay him myself.

I have no samples. Any medicine that can affect Rheumatism with but a few doses must be drugged to the verge of danger. I use no such drugs. It is folly to take them. You must get the disease out of the blood.

My remedy does that, even in the most difficult, obstinate cases. No matter how impossible this seems to you, I know it and I take the risk. I have cured tens of thousands of cases in this way, and my records show that 39 out of 40 who get those six bottles pay, and pay gladly. I have learned that people in general are honest with a physician who cures them. That is all I ask. If I fail I don't expect a penny from you.

Simply write me a postal card or letter. Let me send you an order for the medicine. Take it for a month, for it won't harm you anyway. If it cures, pay \$5.50. I leave that entirely to you. I will mail you a book that tells how I do it.

Simply state which book you want and name of your dealer, and I will address Dr. SHOOP, Box 23, Racine, Wis.

Book No. 1 on Dyspepsia.
Book No. 2 on the Heart.
Book No. 3 on the Kidneys.
Book No. 4 on the Women.
Book No. 5 for Men (sealed).
Book No. 6 on Rheumatism.

Miss Gwendolyn Roberts and Mr. Ralph Pack.

Invitations are out for a piano recital to be given by Miss Helen Wildman on Saturday afternoon, December 7, 1901, in the Nordheimer Recital Hall. Miss Wildman will be assisted by the Klagenfeld String Quartette and Mr. Adam Dockray, tenor.

Mrs. Walter J. Bell (nee Coles) will receive for the first time since her marriage on Monday, December 9, afternoon and evening, at 13 Tranby avenue, and afterwards on the first Friday in the month.

Mrs. MacMahon has returned from New York. Mrs. Krell and Miss Margaret Thomson returned from New York at the beginning of the week. Mrs. Peter Bell of Victoria, B.C., is the guest of her sister, Miss Dupont.

Mr. Jack Osler, who is on leave from his regiment, which is at present stationed at Aldershot, is with his people at Craigleigh until after Christmas. Mr. Newton of Aldershot, England, is also visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Osler.

Kyle Bellew's engagement at the Princess has interested a good many smart people, and theater parties have been many this week. Mr. Bellew has changed a good deal since his first appearance in Toronto; his hand is as quick and his stage business as perfect as ever, in the great duel scene, and he had curtain calls by the dozen during the week.

Mrs. Lockie has returned from a three weeks' visit, and is entertaining her nieces, two bright young Kingston girls, the Misses Clarke, who are very welcome visitors.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Trethewey have removed to their new home, 61 Greenville street, where Mrs. Trethewey will receive on the second and third Tuesdays.

Mrs. W. A. Kemp gave a very enjoyable tea on Wednesday afternoon. The

hostess wore a gown of blue voile, trimmed with cream insertion and touches of black velvet. Mrs. Kemp, sr., and Mrs. A. E. Kemp assisted in the reception of the guests. Those who presided in the tea-room were Mrs. Albert Brown, Mrs. Woodland, Miss Florence Kemp, Miss Sterling, Miss Lillian Skinner, Miss Muriel Simpson and Miss Norton Beatty. Its decoration was beautiful and quite novel, composed of a mass of lovely deep pink roses, maidenhair fern and smilax, banded in the center of the table. Pink roses, palms and ferns were used in the other rooms and hall.

Dr. and Mrs. Millman gave a dance in the Temple Building on Tuesday evening. Mrs. Millman wore a gown of violet brocade, with lace, and touches of old rose, with diamond ornaments. Miss Millman wore a gown of pink silk, with a bolero of Honiton lace, pink carnations in her hair, and pearl ornaments. Miss Fitzgerald of Welland wore a smart frock of cream voile, with cream applique chiffon. The rooms in the Temple Building were decorated very prettily for the occasion, the windows and walls being arranged with draperies of bunting, while palms, ferns and chrysanthemums adorned the platform, and magnificent yellow chrysanthemums, smilax and ferns the supper-room and supper-table. Among the guests present were the Hon. G. E. Foster and Mrs. Foster, Miss Clark and Miss Marjorie Clark of Kingston, Miss Reesor of Markham, Mr. and Mrs. Percival Eby, Miss Claire Eby, Mr. Douglas Eby, Justice and Mrs. Lister, Mr. and Mrs. John A. McGillivray of Uxbridge, Dr. and Mrs. Arthur Beemer, Dr. and Mrs. Barber, Miss Alice Cross, the Misses Muirhead, Miss Kittle Patterson, Miss Daisy Deyell of Port Hope, Miss Covert, Miss Katie Strange, Mr. Harry Strange, Mr. Harry Strathby, Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery Lowndes, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Grey, Miss Flo Lowndes, Mr. and Mrs. Gowanlock, Mr. and Mrs. George Warwick, Miss Murphy of Ottawa, Mrs. and Miss Maddison, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Warwick, Mr. and Mrs. David C. Symons, and Mr. Aylesworth.

The Chattan At Home included the following guests: Mrs. and Miss Adams, Miss Angus, Mrs. Robert Angus, the Misses Allen, Bates, Bilton, Black, Bolland, Bowling, Butt, Clark, Coleman, Curry, Darby, Davidson, Deane, Douglas, Dudley, Dolly Dudley, Eakins, Ellis, Evans, Findlay, Fisher, Follett, Muriel Follett, Forman, Forrest, Frankish, Mrs. Fraser, the Misses Fulton, Louie Fulton, Gounlock, Graham, Greer, Mrs. Harris, the Misses E. Harworth, Heintzman, Nelda Heintzman, Hills, Hobson, Hodgson, Howe, Hughes, Hunter, Husband, Hutchinson, Irving, Jenkins, Johnston, Winnie Johnston, Johnstone, Jones, Kay, Keith, Kirk, Lalor, Love, Lovell, Macdonald, George Macdonald, Malory, Miles, Millar, Montgomery, O'Hara, Oliver, Patton, Pringle, Quigley, Ritchie, Rose, Kate Ross, Sadd, Mabel Sadd, Sampson, Segsworth, Sloan, Smith, Mrs. Smith, the Misses Steele, Sterling, Stevenson, Stewart, Thomas, Thompson, Tay, Vanderwort, Mrs. Wagner, the Misses Wagner, Weaver, Wells, Wickens, Wheaton, Wheeler, Gertrude Wheeler, Ella Wheeler, Wilson, Wright, Young, Messrs. Addison, Angus, Bascom, Bastedo, Banks, Begg, Berkinshaw, Binnie, Blackford, Black, Breen, Hal, Brent, Bonsall, Christie, Copp, Corrigan, Fred Corrigan, Durham, Ellis, Findlay, Fish-

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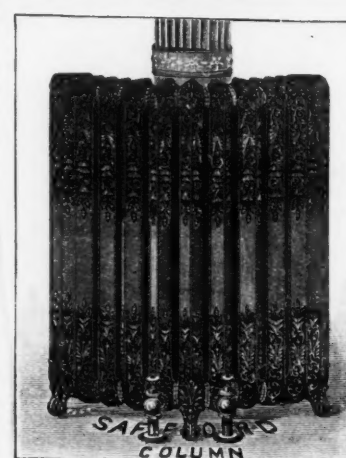
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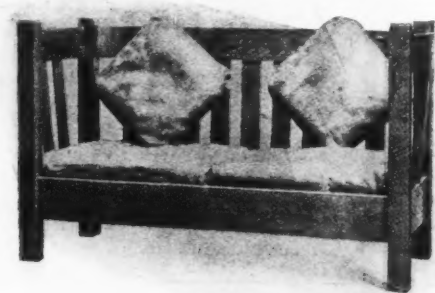
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Social and Personal.

CARDS are out for an afternoon reception at Government House on Saturday, December 14, and Miss Mowat is also giving a dance for the young people and some of their elders on Tuesday evening.

Mr. James Plummer and Miss Mollie Plummer came home from their European trip some time ago, leaving Mrs. Plummer and the little girls in Jersey for the winter. They had a pleasant visit with the soldier son, Mr. Tom Plummer, who was in fine health and spirits. Mr. and Miss Plummer are very welcome home.

Captain and Mrs. Gilpin Brown of Regina are expected down for Christmas. Mrs. Gilpin Brown (nee Boulton) will be welcomed by her people with great pleasure, and her husband as well.

The news that a mounted force of Canadians is to be sent out to South Africa at once has caused some heart-stirrings among the folk who have already gone through the hard experience of not knowing where or how their soldier-men were faring for weeks at a time. But no one says stay, now that there seems yet a chance to help Mother England's work to a close. Major Merritt has always been with one foot in the stirrup to go back and finish the thing, and several others have not yet had their fill of war's hardships.

Mr. Sherwood Hodgins, R.N., is visiting his father, Mr. Frank Hodgins, at Cloyneville. Mr. Sherwood Hodgins has just passed his exam. for acting sub-lieutenant, and has been granted a few weeks' leave before starting for England.

The engagement of Mr. John Draper Dobie to Miss Jessie Lucille Fenton, youngest daughter of Mrs. E. Fenton, of St. Catharines, has been announced.

The wedding of Mr. William Frederick McLaren of Pittsburgh, son of Lieutenant-Colonel Henry McLaren, of Hamilton, to Miss Alice Mary Houston, daughter of Venerable Archdeacon Houston, of Niagara Falls, took place on Monday, November 27, at Christ Church, Niagara Falls, the father of the bride officiating. The church was charmingly decorated with smilax, chrysanthemums and palms, while the full choir rendered a musical service. The bridesmaids were Miss Houston of Niagara Falls and Miss Jean McLaren, the best man being Mr. Harry McLaren of Hamilton. The bride was very becomingly gowned in a traveling dress of biscuit-colored cloth, with hat to match, and carried a bouquet of bridal roses. At the reception at the rectory which followed the ceremony the immediate relatives were present.

Mrs. Saportas is visiting her sister, Mrs. Vaux Chadwick.

Mrs. Wilson and Miss Erie Wilson of Quebec are in town and are guests at Bonny Castle. Mrs. Frank Macdonald has sent out cards of invitation for progressive euchre for Thursday evening, December 12, at 8.30 o'clock. Miss Trent, who has been visiting Mrs. Trent of Bismarck avenue, has left town, en route to Japan.

Mrs. George Dunstan received at her apartments, 210 Beverley street, last Wednesday for the first time this season, and will be at home on each first Wednesday during the winter. Mrs. Dunstan has been a bright and charming guest at many of the month's teas.

The dance in the Gymnasium at Varsity on Tuesday evening was a very nice one, and no one, to look at the crowd of young people who enjoyed it, would have realized that several other dances were on for the same evening. These Varsity boys certainly command the suffrages of a very pretty lot of girls, and most of the beauties were out on Tuesday night in exceedingly pretty frocks to dance to their hearts' content. The quadrille d'honneur was reserved from invasion by the two-step flirts by a slender band of white ribbon stretched across the gym. At the east end, and was danced by Miss Mowat, Mrs. G. W. Ross, Mrs. Sweeney, Mrs. D. Bruce Macdonald, Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Mrs. Hutton, Mrs. Baker and Miss Marjorie Mowat, who were cavalcaded by Professor Ramsay Wright, Dean Baker, Professor Hutton, Commander Law, Mr. Henderson. These annual at homes are given under the auspices of the president, officers and members of Varsity Athletic Association, and always achieve one of the brightest successes of the season. The men take a great deal of trouble with the decoration of the huge "gym," and on Tuesday had the galleries draped in blue and white. Varsity colors, and many touches of color from flags and designs in all directions. The music was splendid and the floor in excellent order, which was a triumph of good work, for the entire space had to be thoroughly cleaned and waxed between the time of the close of the embryo "medicos" dinner on Monday and the early hour of the dance. It was done, and well done, too. The supper was plain but of unusual niceness, and perfectly served. The patronesses and their escorts were seated at a large square central table, and many smaller tables were set about, decorated with jardiniere of plants, roses and satin ribbons. Skillful waiters served the menu, which included bouillon, meats, jellies, ruses and ices, each the best of its kind, and very excellent coffee. Mrs. Loudon, Mrs. Ross and Mrs. Hutton wore handsome black gowns. Mrs. Ramsay Wright, dove gray, and Mrs. Baker, white, with revers of ermine. Mrs. Macdonald was in white silk, and looked the most girlish of patronesses. Miss Mowat wore a black robe pall-lette, which is most becoming to her, and the pretty, fair-haired debutante, Miss Marjorie Mowat, wore white, a dainty little fichu of chiffon "en berth" veiling her shoulders. A pretty young girl was Miss Rolph, in a black dress with a touch of pink on the bodice and in the coiffure, who came with one of the Varsity ladies. We all missed sweet Miss VanderSmissen, who is abroad, but her aunt, Miss Mason, of Ermeleigh, and her young cousin, Mr. Douglas Mason, were among the dancers. Mrs. Ross brought her three graces—Miss Kate, Miss Florence, and a bright little "not-out" in a quaint

blue organdie frock dotted with white. Mrs. Gerhard Heintzman had her two handsome daughters and Mrs. Kemp her second daughter, Miss Dolle, in a pretty white frock, and a very handsome young girl, Miss Muriel Simpson, in deep blue organdie figured with white, and carrying a sheaf of white roses. Miss Ruby Croll, in white silk, looked very well, and Miss Barrett, in shell pink, most graceful and sweet. Miss Lamport wore pale blue, with white lace, as did also a smart young Parkdale belle whose name escapes me. Mrs. Rolland Hills and her fair daughters, the mother in a dainty black gown and the young ladies in smart blue and pink gowns; Mrs. Eastwood and her bright debutante, Miss Winnifred; Miss Josie Monahan, in pale blue; Miss Salter, in black, with a touch of cerise in her lovely white hair; Mrs. Sweeney of Rohallion, in white satin, with pale blue belt and trimmings; Dr. D. Bruce Macdonald, Professor Laing, Professor Hutton, and scores of those fine young fellows who are doing honor to Varsity and getting ready for prominence in various walks of life, with dozens of charming young girls, many of them not yet out, were present at this jolly dance.

Mrs. and Miss Gzowski gave an afternoon tea at The Hall yesterday.

On November 29 the Chattan Literary Club gave their annual At Home at McConkey's, and a most well arranged and pleasant affair it was. The Chattan is an East Side institution, which has not yet a counterpart on the West Side, but which deserves imitation, both intellectually and socially. The dance on Friday last was a complete success, and those enjoying the hospitality of the club appreciated it greatly. Supper was served at quartette tables in excellent style in the cafe upstairs, and everyone voted it very nice. The lady guests of the Chattans looked their best. On last Monday evening the club discussed the transportation system of Canada, and at these discussions every member present is liable to be called upon to speak. On December 16 essays on architecture and the history of art will be read by members.

Miss Kemp, one of the season's debutantes, has gone to visit friends in South Bend, Indiana.

Mr. and Mrs. Hall of 26 Admiral road are to spend the winter in Quebec. They have rented their house for the season.

Miss Ardella (Deda) Gillespie was presented to society by her mother, Mrs. Gillespie, at an afternoon reception given for the debutante at the Rectory, Avenue road, last Tuesday afternoon. Mrs. Gillespie was very handsomely gowned in deep wine-colored silk, with velvet and some fine white lace, quite en grande toilette, and looking the proud mother, as well she may, for her children, from the graceful debutante in her sheer mousseline frock and breast-knot and bouquet of violets, to the little fairy-like girl in the dainty white Greenaway gown and slippers, are the dearest of boys and girls. Miss Deda received with Mrs. Gillespie, and the rector and his elder son were also at the reception, looking after the guests with a remarkably pretty party of young ladies in the room. The waitresses were Miss Flo Gillespie, Miss Eola Lennox, Miss Ruby Croll, Miss Amy Douglas, Miss Alice Baines, Miss Mewburn of Hamilton, who is visiting at the Rectory; Mrs. Drayton, Miss Terry Irving, Mrs. E. Coady, Miss Howland, Miss Akers and some others. Among the guests were Mrs. Langtry, Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn, Mrs. E. Douglas Armour, Mrs. Wilbur Matthews, Mrs. and Miss Macdougall of Carleton Lodge, Mrs. C. E. Ryerson and Miss Ryerson, Mrs. Mulock, Mrs. McDowall Thomson, Miss Amy Laing, Mrs. Willie Mulock, Mrs. and Miss Paterson, Mrs. Dignam, Mrs. E. J. Lennox, Mrs. Shirley Denison, Mrs. Coady, Mrs. and Miss Chadwick, Mrs. Warren, Mrs. A. E. Irving, Mrs. Forsyth Grant, Mrs. S. Fred Jones, Miss Jeanette Drayton, Mrs. Boddy, Mrs. Donald Ridout, Mrs. Des Barres, Mrs. J. Fiskin, Mrs. Cassels, Mrs. W. J. Doug-

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Coffee drinking caused blindness in a Virginia gentleman, and his remarkable experience is worth reading. "I have been a coffee drinker since my earliest remembrance. If I missed coffee at a meal it brought on headache. This would have shown me that I was a victim to a drug habit. Finally, wakeful, restless nights came on. After dinner I was always drowsy, and after sleeping would waken stupid and morbid, and felt as though I had been drugged, and when this feeling wore off nervousness and restlessness would set in until I drugged myself with coffee again.

"At last my eyesight began to fail. Some of the best optical specialists agreed that I had an affliction of the optic nerve, and after two or three years' treatment my eyes slowly lost their power and I became almost sightless.

"I was advised to go to a pine woods near the sea in a most isolated place. This I did, and lived there for two years, without any visible benefit. I gave up all hope of recovery until last spring a friend expressed the belief that the coffee I drank was the cause of all my trouble. He had been a slave to it and had been unable to find relief until he quit and took up Postum Food Coffee.

"His experience startled me, and I decided to try the change, although I had but little faith in its merits. My first cup of Postum proved delicious, and was a great surprise. It was evidently well made. I had not the slightest trouble in leaving off coffee, for the Postum filled its place perfectly.

"During the past six months I have gained in flesh, my sallow complexion has become clear, and my eyesight gradually improved, until now I am able to read and write. My mind is once more clear and active, and I no longer suffer from sleepless, nervous spells. You can imagine I feel grateful for my restoration." W. Harold Fenton, Brighton, Va.

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las, Mrs. Mowat, Mrs. Baldwin, Mrs. Lawrence Baldwin, and a great many others.

Mrs. Mackenzie of Benvenuto gave a dinner dance on Tuesday evening, which was in honor of the visit of her son, Mr. Joe Mackenzie, who is down from the North-West, and is just now in the Eastern Provinces with his father. The dinner was for about twenty-five guests, but the dance augmented the party by several scores.

Mrs. Alfred Hall (nee Fulton of Woodstock) will hold her first reception since her marriage at her home, 64 Crescent road, Rosedale, on Tuesday and Wednesday, December 10 and 11, and will receive on the second and fourth Tuesdays of each month thereafter.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Scott Leach have taken a furnished house for the winter at 200 Upper Cottenham street, their house in St. George street having been sold. Mrs. Leach receives on Fridays as before.

Miss Sara Matthewman of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, was visiting Miss Clara Smith of Avenue road during Thanksgiving holidays.

The Women's Guild of St. Peter's Church are working very hard for their annual sale, which is to take place in the schoolhouse, the corner of Carlton and Bleeker streets, on Thursday, December 12. Afternoon and high tea will be served. The rector in charge, Rev. Mr. Carey Ward, and his mother, Mrs. Ward, who is the president of the Guild, are both taking an active interest in the sale. Mrs. Herbert Mason and Mrs. J. F. W. Ross are to have the novelty and art table. Mrs. Ward and Mrs. Walter S. Lee have the produce table. Miss Gooderham and Miss Mason have the fancy needlework, while Mrs. T. B. Taylor and Miss Davies, with Mrs. Jack Hargrave and others, have the paper table. There will be all the usual features in the way of fish-ponds and candy-tables.

On Thanksgiving Day a quiet wedding took place in Trinity Church, St. Thomas, when Miss Enese Emily Stronbridge Southwick, youngest daughter of the late George Southwick, M.D., was married to Mr. Maxwell Avery Richardson of the Imperial Bank staff, Toronto, son of Mr. J. A. Richardson, manager of the Imperial Bank, Montreal. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Arundel C. Hill, M.A. The bride was charmingly gowned in a Parisian traveling costume of brown basket cloth, with chapeau to match. She wore violets and a beautiful set of sable furs. After a quiet dejeuner, Mr. and Mrs. Richardson left for the East, amid the congratulations of many friends and showers of rice and rose-leaves. Mrs. Richardson will receive in her new home, 310 Huron street, after the first of the month.

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THE THREE SCARS

Mrs. C. N. Williamson.

SUMMARY OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS: Sheila Cope is taken by her mother to the theater, and there she meets two people who interest her strangely. One is a young man in the pit, to whom she is indefinitely drawn, and the other a woman in the stalls. The latter catches Sheila's eye and deliberately exposes a purple scar on her arm. Sheila is startled, for a similar scar on her mother's arm has been a mystery to her since childhood. When Lady Cope notices the woman with the scar she hastily leaves the theater, putting Sheila into a cab and bidding her drive back to the hotel. On her way home, the girl catches a glimpse of her mother and the woman with the scar seated in a four-wheeler. Subsequently the young man of the Lyceum pit renders her an important service. When Sheila reaches the hotel her mother is not there, but presently arrives in a dying condition, with her right arm horribly scarred, and a fresh burn where the scar had been. Muttering incoherently of "the scar—after all these years—revenge," and "the West Wing," Lady Cope dies of heart disease. It is noticed that she was wearing a black opera-cloak instead of the yellow one in which she went out. Sheila instinctively connects this with the woman of the scar. Next day Sheila goes down to Arrish Mell Court, her Dorsetshire home, where her mother is buried. She resolves to carry out her mother's dying wish and investigate the West Wing. After a patient search during which she is startled by mysterious noises, she finds nothing but a tiny key in the pocket of an old tea-gown of her mother's. Next day Sir Roger Cope, her cousin, who ignores his title and works as a solicitor, calls. He proposes to her, and when refused, tells her that she is not the daughter of Lady Cope at all, and as the dead woman left no will, the property belongs to himself as next-of-kin.

CHAPTER VII.

I arrive at a momentous decision. "I can understand well enough," I exclaimed, bitterly, "why you should have wished to marry me if I had been the heiress that people have thought me. But why do you want me now?"

Roger waved his hand towards a great mirror that went from floor to ceiling, on the wall of the "Indian boudoir."

"Look at yourself," he said. "Mechanically, hardly knowing what I did, I looked. Never before had I been critical of myself. But now I gazed searchingly at my own face—the one fortune that was left me."

I was beautiful. Even I could see that. As I grew older, my hair might change its young gold for autumn brown; but it was yellow as ripe wheat now, brown only in the shadows, where the waves curved inward. And my eyes were big, and dark, and soft. Suddenly, I felt very sorry for myself, because I was so pretty, and only eighteen; because I seemed to have left youth and happiness forever behind me, and there was no one whom I loved or had a claim upon to put kind arms round me, and let me cry my heart out on a sympathetic breast.

Tears sprang to my eyes, but I crushed them back. Roger Cope should not see me cry.

"I want you because you are the prettiest girl, and some day will be the most beautiful woman on earth," cried Roger, speaking more warmly and impulsively than I had ever heard him speak. "I want you, too, because you are hard to win; and I have always liked overcoming difficulties. Sooner or later, I warn you, Sheila, I will overcome this one, and you will be mine. You might as well yield to the inevitable now."

"It isn't inevitable. And I won't yield," I stoutly maintained. "You haven't proved any of your statements yet."

"I will, soon enough; or, rather, I can. But if you will promise to marry me, sweet, no one need ever know. You will marry as Miss Sheila Cope of Arrish Mell Court; and I will come to live, as your husband."

"You will come here to live, it may be, but not as my husband," I cut him short. "I shall have gone away before that."

"Where would you go?" Roger asked, curiously, almost incredulously.

"The world's a big place," I retorted, my voice quivering with the sobs that would not quite be kept back. One tore its way up from my heart; and, with two great tears running down my cheeks, I exclaimed: "Oh, if there were only somebody whom I belonged to!"

Roger took a step forward, and put out his hand, but I pushed it from me; and his blue eyes flashed their resentment. "I believe," he said, quietly, in the draw which had so often stung me to impatience, "that there are several persons with whom you are entitled to claim kinship, if you choose."

I dashed my tears away, and gazed at him eagerly. "Tell me—tell me!" I cried. "How was it that my mother—that Lady Cope took me as her own child?"

"She was very unhappy at the time. Five years before she had lost her little son, whom she and her husband both adored. He died in most tragic circumstances, of which I changed his mother's whole nature. Sir Vincent and Aunt Ermytrude went abroad. There Sir Vincent died also, and poor Aunt Ermytrude came back—not to her old home, but to London. She undertook various charitable works, and it was while she was giving up her life to the interests of others that she met your mother."

"My mother!" I echoed, in a whisper. For a moment I was powerless to ask more; but Roger went on, without waiting for my questions.

"Your mother was also a widow, and very poor. You were her only child, but she had been ill, among other misfortunes, and was hardly able to provide for you. Aunt Ermytrude saw you—a pretty little thing a few months of age; and, taking a great fancy to you, in her loneliness, offered to adopt you as her own. Your mother finally consented, and as Aunt Ermytrude had been living abroad for several years with her husband, and her presence in London had been known to none, nobody was particularly surprised when she came home at last with

a baby not quite a year old. "I knew the truth from the first, because I had visited Cousin Vincent and Aunt Ermytrude abroad, and knew that they had no child, so I had to be told. And the vicar, old Mr. Westerley, was told also, but we were both asked to keep the secret, and we always have."

"You said that some of my people were still alive," I said, in a strained voice.

"Your mother is living," Roger quietly answered. "I have been at some pains to keep track of her—for Aunt Ermytrude's sake, of course."

Somehow I did not believe that it had been for anyone's sake but his own, and for some purpose which I seemed to be on the point of discovering.

"I have your mother's present address, if you wish to write her, Sheila," Roger said. "Shall I give it to you?"

"Yes," I said, "I want the address. But before writing, I should like to see Mr. Westerley. You told me that—he knew the secret also."

"He does," Roger answered, gravely. "And you shall see him. I understand what is in your mind. You believe that I am deceiving you. Well, it is natural, perhaps—though it's hard to be misjudged by the woman one loves. In the mouths of two witnesses, it is said, a truth shall be established; and the sooner you hear what Mr. Westerley can add to my statement, the better I shall be pleased. Not—I wouldn't have you think that for a moment!—not that I'm not only too glad to have you stay here as long as you will, even if we are to be nothing to each other."

"I will send a carriage down to Lull, and ask Mr. Westerley to come out at once," I cried; then bit my lip. The carriages were Roger's. But I let it pass. Until I was sure I would grant myself some privileges, with the benefit of the doubt.

Roger rang the bell, and then came back to me. From his pocket he took a sealed envelope. "The address you wanted," he explained. "I will go and leave you alone now. I can see that you would prefer that. After Mr. Westerley has been with you, and gone away again, you shall have a little time to think. Then I will come back, and you shall tell me what decision you have reached. It may be that you will look upon matters with a different eye. At all events, remember that while you have me you are not friendless."

He held out his hand, and though I felt the impulse to refuse it, I would not, lest he should think it was because I grudged him the things that had seemed mine.

When the bell was answered a servant was informed that the carriage I ordered might take Sir Roger Cope back to the inn before calling for Mr. Westerley.

The vicar was a kind old man with a nervous manner, and the air of being slightly startled when anyone addressed him. His greatest pleasure was collecting butterflies, a pastime which he infinitely preferred to the companionship of human beings. But, because he was good, I knew that he would come to me without delay, and I was not disappointed.

I could hardly wait to answer his questions as to my health and spirits

when he arrived, but burst at once into the subject weighing on my heart. "Mr. Westerley," I asked, abruptly, "is it true that—Lady Cope adopted me when I was a baby—that I was not her own child?"

The wrinkled old face, with its long, narrow oval, and its high forehead thatched with white hair, flushed deeply, and looked more startled than ever.

"Who—who told you this?" the vicar questioned, with an exaggeration of his usual slight stammer.

"Sir Roger Cope," I answered. "He said that you, too, knew the story—only you and he in the world now since my—since Lady Cope is dead. I wouldn't believe it until I had seen you. But now I know—just from your face, even before you speak—that it's true."

"My poor child! It is indeed true. But I had hoped—I knew that Lady Cope had not wished you ever to be told that you were not her daughter by birth, as you were in heart."

We had both been standing up. In my impatience I had not given him the chance of sitting down; but now I sank upon a sofa and covered my face with my hands. The vicar sat beside me, and laid his hand on my head.

"Don't take it so hardly, my dear," he said. "She loved you and you loved her. That is the principal thing. I don't know why it was necessary for you to be told, though Sir Roger, no doubt, did what he thought was his duty. But at all events, no one else need know. Nothing need be changed."

"Everything is changed," I exclaimed. "Because everything that I thought was mine is Roger Cope's."

Mr. Westerley sprang to his feet with an ejaculation of amazement or incredulity. "No!" he said. "No; that cannot be. Lady Cope was too just, too loving a woman, strange as were some of her ideas. She brought you up to consider yourself an heiress—"

"I'm a beggar," I broke in. "She left no will, so Roger says. He was her solicitor, and knew all her business. He told me that he had often advised her to make one, but she put it off. Yet it isn't that I care for. I—I've had eighteen happy years. I oughtn't to ask for more. If she had lived and loved me I wouldn't have minded being poor and leaving dear old Arrish Mell—"

"Surely you—won't be called upon to leave?" stammered the vicar.

For an instant I was tempted to tell him the story of Roger's offer and my refusal of it. But it seemed a dishonorable thing for a girl to do; and instead, I merely explained that, as everything now apparently belonged to Roger, who was, as far as known, Lady Cope's only surviving relative, I preferred not to be indebted to him.

"There are things I can do to earn my own living," I went on. "I speak French very well; I sing and play; I can paint a little; and, thanks to poor Miss Fitch, my governess, who was with me for so many years, I have a good all-round education. I ought to find something to do."

"If only he were not a miserable bachelor, my child, you'd not be at a loss for a home," said the kind old man. "Even as it is, I wonder if something couldn't be arranged. It's—it's unbearable to think of you alone in the world. But, thank goodness, it hasn't come to that yet. Sir Roger Cope is human. I have always, until now, supposed him a singularly high-minded young man. He will tell you to look upon this house as yours since he can't possibly want it."

"I think he does want it," I cut him short. "And anyway, it would never be home to me again, not for a day. It seems, too, that I'm not alone in the world. Roger says my mother is alive and he knows where I can find her. I shall go to her, Mr. Westerley."

The vicar's face changed. "I—er—ally, my child," he faltered. "I should—should do nothing rash if I were you. Better think it over; talk with Sir Roger. Or let me talk with him if you prefer. Yes, that is better. I'll see him, and—"

"Thank you, dear Mr. Westerley. He's at the inn, at Lull," I said. A sudden resolution had come to me. There was no use in arguing with this dear old man, who would never either see things as I did, nor make me see them with his eyes. I would let him go now that he had confirmed Roger's statement. And—when I was alone I would make up my mind.

"Shall I go and find Sir Roger now?" he suggested, with subdued eagerness.

I saw, or thought I saw, that he knew something concerning which he feared questions—something which he did not wish to tell.

"Yes. It is kind of you," I replied. "You have told me that the thing is true, and now—it will be better for me to be alone and think it all over. But is there another mystery, another secret about my real mother? Why would it be 'rash' to go to her?"

"Oh!" and Mr. Westerley evaded my searching eyes. "You can't tell how she may be situated now, that's all—of course, that's all. There's no mystery. No secret except that which unforgotten Sir Roger has told you. I'll go to him, my dear, I'll go to him. And later I'll come back to tell you the result of our conversation."

In spite of his sympathy and kindness he was glad to get away, glad to escape from me. I saw that, and it made me think. But I troubled him with no more questions. If there were a secret I should soon, perhaps, find it out, for I had made up my mind to a very bold step.

Mr. Westerley patted my hand, reassuring me, as best he could; and I bade him good-bye. Yet he suspected nothing.

When he had gone I repeated the word with a sob. "Good-bye, dear, sweet old home that I have loved," I said with wet, wide eyes that took in every familiar detail of the room.

"Good-bye, everything that has been dear. You aren't for me any more." Then the tears which had been held back for so long splashed down. I broke open the envelope which Roger had given me and could scarcely see what he had written. There was more than an address; there was a letter offering me a regular allowance, which I at once resolved to reject. My mother's name I found was Mrs. Newlyn, and she lived at 35 Easel street, Commercial road, Peckham.

Having read the letter I wrote a short note to Mr. Westerley, another to Roger Cope. In both of these I said much the same thing, though I said it in very different ways.

I told the two men—the old friend of my childhood, and the cousin who was a cousin no more—that I had decided to leave Arrish Mell at once. David would only be painful. I was going to my mother, and would stay with her if she would keep me, though I intended to find work and not be a burden upon her. In any case a letter would reach me if sent to her address.

I ended my note to the vicar with grateful affectionate words. Roger's "loved stiffly and abruptly, for I could not make it otherwise."

When I had finished, the hardest part of what I had to do was still to come. I had to tell the news to the servants, who had been at Arrish Mell Court for so many years that they had become old friends.

It was hard for the loving, simple hearts to understand that I was actually saying good-bye. But they realized it at last; and Evans sorrowfully promised that when Mr. Westerley and Sir Roger Cope should call after I had gone, he would hand them the notes I had written.

There was no time to be lost if I would be away before either the vicar or Sir Roger Cope arrived. In the confusion of my mind at first I had not remembered the present need of money. But suddenly I flushed and quivered, with a humiliating thought.

"Oh, Swift," I cried, "bring me the green purse that you put away when we came back from town."

All teas look alike in a newspaper advertisement, but put them in your teapot and the superiority of Blue Ribbon is at once apparent.

CHAPTER VIII.

What I Found at the End of the Journey.

The purse I had desired Swift to bring me was the one which had been in my charge on the night of terror and disaster—the purse that had been rescued for me by a man whose face I had seen once or twice in my dreams since then.

On that night it had held a considerable sum, but the money was all or nearly all gone now. There had been frequent calls upon it during the last day or two at the hotel, and though I had supposed then that I should have plenty of my own by and by, I had not cared to apply to Roger while there remained a fund that I could draw upon instead.

My hand trembled when Swift gave me the purse. She had been away in the next room longer than necessary it seemed, and I had been desperately impatient to know my fate. I was almost sure that, at most, there would be left me no more than twenty or thirty shillings, but what was my surprise when I saw seven bright gold sovereigns.

"Oh, I am so thankful!" I exclaimed. "This will last me a long time." Then, even as I spoke, a torrent of blood rushed up to my face. "Swift, how could you do it?" I said. "Don't you think I know? Don't you think I understand?"

"There's nothing to understand, miss," she returned, stolidly. "I'm sure I can't guess what you mean."

"This is your money. You put it into the purse, knowing or suspecting that I would have nothing besides. It was very good, and I thank you; but I can't take it. Tell me how much is yours, Swift, and how much was really there."

"Oh, miss, as if I would have dared!" she answered. "If there's more in the purse than you expected, why, begging your pardon, it's because of your careless way. You didn't know what you had."

"No, but I'm sure—"

"Do, do forgive me interrupting, dear miss," broke in Swift. "But it's too bad of you making out I'd have touched your purse—her ladyship's own purse it was, too. It's as much as to say I'm—well, I won't go on, miss, if you look like that. But do tell me you don't believe I would have done it. Now, miss," she hurried on, before I could do more than look what I felt, "I must be hurrying to get ready, too, if you can spare me."

"Ready for—what?" I echoed.

"Why, to go with you, to be sure."

"I thought you understood," I said, sadly. "I can't take you. I must go alone."

She burst out crying. "Oh, miss, that's the last straw! I must go with you. 'Twould be wicked to stand by and let you go out in the world alone—just like a little white lamb in its ignorance, straying into the butcher's hands."

"I am going to—my mother," I answered, choking a little. "She isn't very rich, and—and I fancy she must live in a small house. She would not know what to do with a maid, and—besides, I couldn't pay you."

"I wouldn't want a penny, miss, and I'd be a 'general' sooner than leave you," persisted Swift, almost fiercely. "I didn't know what she meant by a 'general,' associating that name only with high officers of the army, but I appreciated her intention. We were miserable together; and when I went down to the carriage, there were all the others in the hall, not a dry eye among them. Somehow, I got through the good-byes, and took one last, long, yearning look at the old house as I and my luggage were driven away."

I left Lull at two o'clock in the afternoon. Three hours later I arrived at Waterloo Station. My thoughts had been so busy that the journey had not seemed long. Indeed, I had almost dreaded the end, because of the necessity for action it would entail; and besides, I had begun half to repent my rashness in flinging myself upon the world before I was absolutely certain that I could have my mother's protection. When she had been at a distance, I had looked upon her as a sure refuge. Roger had given me her address, and had said positively that she was to be found there. I was her daughter, and it had seemed natural that when the floods of disaster had swept me off my feet, I should try to grasp her hand.

Easel street, Commercial road, meant nothing definite to me. I vaguely thought of Peckham as a suburb, and I had some dim picture in my mind of a neat little ivy-draped brick house in a small garden, such as I had often seen in the village of Lull.

The London I had known best was the region of parks, big, splendid houses, and smart shops. I was not foolish enough to suppose that my mother, who had been described as poor, had her home in such a neighborhood as that, but as I was driven through street after street, even meaner and more squalid than the ones I had seen on the night I followed Lady

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"I am going to—my mother," I answered, choking a little. "She isn't very rich, and—and I fancy she must live in a small house. She would not know what to do with a maid, and—besides, I couldn't pay you."

"I wouldn't want a penny, miss, and I'd be a 'general' sooner than leave you," persisted Swift, almost fiercely. "I didn't know what she meant by a 'general,' associating that name only with high officers of the army, but I appreciated her intention. We were miserable together; and when I went down to the carriage, there were all the others in the hall, not a dry eye among them. Somehow, I got through the good-byes, and took one last, long, yearning look at the old house as I and my luggage were driven away."

I left Lull at two o'clock in the afternoon. Three hours later I arrived at Waterloo Station. My thoughts had been so busy that the journey had not seemed long. Indeed, I had almost dreaded the end, because of the necessity for action it would entail; and besides, I had begun half to repent my rashness in flinging myself upon the world before I was absolutely certain that I could have my mother's protection. When she had been at a distance, I had looked upon her as a sure refuge. Roger had given me her address, and had said positively that she was to be found there. I was her daughter, and it had seemed natural that when the floods of disaster had swept me off my feet, I should try to grasp her hand.

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Mr. W. A. Wyllie, 57 Seaton street, Toronto, states:—"My little grandchild had suffered with a nasty, hacking cough for about eight weeks, when we procured a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. After the first dose she called it 'honey' and was eager for medicine time to come around. I can simply state that part of one bottle cured her, and she is now well and as bright as a cricket."

A NASTY CROUPY COUGH.

Mr. J. Gilroy of High Park avenue, Toronto, states:—"Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine cured my two-year-old boy of a nasty croupy cough which he could not seem to get rid of. After this experience with this remedy we intend to keep some in the house for emergencies."

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Cope from the Lyceum Theater, I grew sad and amazed. Was it possible that, while all my life I had lived among beautiful things, the woman who had brought me into the world had been—here?

At last we turned into a narrow street, lined on either side with little gray houses, all exactly alike. It was as if a wall of dirty brick stretched along, with low doors and windows cut into it at intervals; for there was no separation between the houses.

Each house had a door of its own, with a window on the ground floor; and above, two more windows. On the broken pavement, or in the gutters, ragged children swarmed; dwarfish girls carrying big-headed, squalling babies almost as large as themselves; toddling boys, with red-rimmed eyes and grimy faces. The babies all seemed to be crying; their young nurses shrilly bidding them be still, or exhorting the boys who shouted over their games to come home at once if they did not wish various horrible consequences to befall them.

It was a dreadful street; the worst I had ever seen, and I wished that my driver would make haste in passing through. But, to my surprised alarm, he stopped, drawing up the cab at the pavement. "He is going to enquire the way," I thought. Yet no; he was clambering slowly off the box. I looked out. We were exactly in front of a door cut in the long gray wall of blackened brick. Over the door was a number—35. My heart gave a leap, and I almost called out a protest. It could not be true. Any place but this.

The driver opened the cab door. "Here you are, miss; 35 Easel street," he said, seeing that I sat still.

"Oh, it can't be the right Easel street!" I exclaimed, tremulously. "Easel street, Commercial road. There ain't no other of the same name, miss. Shall I knock?"

"If you please," I meekly answered. "And—don't take down the luggage yet. I'll wait and see if—" My voice died. I did not finish the sentence.

There was no bell on the door, which stood ajar. The cabman knocked loudly. From the two upper windows the frowny heads of several children and a bold-looking young woman appeared. They stared with open-mouthed curiosity at me and the four smart new boxes heaped on the four-wheeler. I shrank back, and wound my fingers nervously together.

"What d'you want?" shrilly demanded the woman. "Miggits or Newlyn?"

I drew my breath in sharply. My mother's name! There was no mistake, then. The cabman turned questioning to me, and I realized that I must answer. "I want Mrs. Newlyn," I reluctantly turned out my head to explain.

"Owh!" returned the dweller on the upper floor. "I'm Miggits. Newlyn's the ground floor."

As my informant partially withdrew, a girl's face showed itself in the crack of the door; then the door was thrown wide open. She was about fifteen, with pale unwholesome skin, a pert nose, and an aggressive fringe of drab-colored hair. She fixed a pair of light blue eyes upon me, and slowly I descended from the cab, which seemed the only link left between me and familiar decencies of civilization.

"Is Mrs. Newlyn at home?" I enquired, in a voice which did not sound like mine, so dull and toneless was it.

"Yes, ma's 'ome." (I started.) "D'ye want to see 'er?"

"If you please. May I—may I walk in?" Already half the swarming population of Easel street had come to its doors and windows to enjoy the sight—such as it was.

I felt curiously giddy. The suggestion in one of the first three words this girl had spoken had caught me by the throat. I entered the narrow passage, having again bidden the cabman wait; and the close odor of the house added to my faintness. A door a few feet down the passage was opened, and I had a dim impression that my companion was bidding me follow her into a room beyond. I obeyed, and then almost recoiled as I passed the threshold.

The room could not have been more than twelve feet square. The boards of the floor were uncovered, and not too clean; the low ceiling was blackened with smoke, and the wall, destitute of paper, was decorated with a few glaring, unframed chromo-lithographs, held in place with pins.

In one corner was a tumbled bed, covered, pillows and all, with a dark calico quilt. There was one unclothed deal table, spread with a few common dishes and a tin or two; there were three or four rough wooden chairs; a big box, heaped with a strange medley of cooking utensils and women's outdoor wraps; a mantelshelf, littered with odds and ends; and a kitchen range, into which a woman, with her back turned to me, was throwing a few coals from a battered shovel.

"May, 'ere's a lydy to see you," brusquely announced my guide. The woman turned, shovel in hand. My eyes sought her face wistfully, imploringly, for the gleam of hope left. But the last flicker died as my eyes met. No subtle voice of nature cried out in my heart: "This is your mother; you are of one flesh and blood." She was a tall, thin woman, who might once have been pretty, even ladylike-looking in better days, but there was hardly a vestige of past beauty remaining, though in years she was not really old. Her scanty, grizzled hair was pulled carelessly back from a lined forehead. Her small mouth had a fretful drop; slightly open, in surprise at sight of the visitor, it showed that one front tooth was gone. The cheeks were hollowed in, the well-cut nose sharpened, the complexion of the uniform, faded gray most fashionable in Easel street among those who were not over-floored. She wore a rusty black dress, and a colored cotton handkerchief was tied round the thin throat instead of a collar.

My tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. It seemed physically impossible to tell her who I was, to ask her if she were not my mother. But they were both waiting for my explanations. I had to speak. "I—I hope—" A few lame words had come stammering, when the elder of the two broke in. "If you're one of those district visitors, why, I can just tell you as I told the last one, that you ain't wanted here," she said, acidly, with a rather better accent than the girl's.

"I—my name is Cope," I stammered. "At least, I always thought it was until to-day."

Still she stared at me, with little, if any, awakening comprehension in her eyes. I hesitated desperately on. "Perhaps, if you don't know what I mean it may be a mistake after all. But Lady Cope is dead. I was brought up to believe her my mother, and now—"

Suddenly the woman's pale face changed and reddened with a vivid flush. The small fire-shovel she had been grasping slid out of her hand and fell to the floor with a metallic crash.

"My goodness, gracious me!" she ejaculated, with a gasp. "It's Jenny." A faint shiver ran through me. I was not even "Shella" any more. I was "Jenny."

"I heard to-day that—that—" I faltered.

I could not go on. But she took up the words with a shy, awkward sort of eagerness, as if she were half-afraid of me; while the girl stood by, wide-eyed and dumb in bewilderment. "Did they tell you the whole story? Did they tell you who I was, and all?"

"Sir Roger Cope told me that you were—my mother," I said, dully.

"Well, I never. He told you that! And after Lady Cope making me swear I'd never breathe a word to a soul so long as I lived."

"Oh, ma, it ain't true, is it?" cried the girl. "She ain't my sister?"

"Hold your tongue and mind your own business," was the sharp answer; and I felt, rather than saw, the flounce of her poor skirts and the toss of her tousled head that the girl gave.

The woman looked keenly at me, her face still flushed and excited, half-suspicious; but she did not take a step nearer.

"I don't think Lady Cope meant me to be told," I answered, choking back a sob. "But Roger knew from the first. Moth—Lady Cope only died a few days ago, though it seems a long, long time."

"You heard to-day, and you came straight here to see me," said my newly-found mother, reflectively. "Well, that was very good of you, my dear, that it was. I only wish I had a better house for you to come to. But I haven't had any luck. To-day, get the young lady a chair. Dear me, I wonder now if you'd let me make you a cup of tea?"

She still spoke to me as to a stranger of another class from hers, a visitor who must be entertained. She was nervous, and suddenly she became a pathetic figure in my eyes, though I had no stirrings of love. Perhaps this was unnatural, hard-hearted. I cannot help that, for I must paint the picture truly.

I could have screamed or broken into hysterics as Totsey rather sullenly placed a chair for me; but I almost fell into it.

"Is—is it possible that this is my sister?" I forced myself to ask.

"Your half-sister," was the quick reply, as if there were relief in responding to definite questions. "After Lady Cope adopted you—it was hard enough to part with my only one, I can tell you, my dear, but what was I to do?—after she took you away I married again. 'Twas the only thing to do, for I wasn't the sort of woman to be left alone. I had two girls by my second husband, a very different sort of man from your father. I thought, though he was but a rough fellow compared to him, he'd be a protector. But 'twasn't long before I found out it was the money he was after—the money Lady Cope gave me when she took you."

So I had been sold for a price! was the thought that darted through my mind. But I was silent, listening.

As she went on there was a loud noise in the passage outside the door. The handle turned. I started and turned round. What was to come now?

(To be continued.)

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Curious Bits of News.

That the German authorities in Samoa are determined to thoroughly Germanize that country is shown by the fact that the English missionaries in the islands have now been ordered to instruct their pupils and adherents in the Teutonic tongue. American and Chilean dollars, as well as British coins, are also to make way for German money, and apparently Samoa will presently become a purely a German colony as New Caledonia is French.

"The latest in 'yells,'" says the Kansas City "Journal," "is that of the convicts on their way from the jail in the county in which they were sentenced to the penitentiary. A gang of fifteen of them from Buchanan County, the sheriff's 'guests' on a special car, gave vent to this yell at each railway station they passed between St. Joseph and Jefferson City a few days ago: 'Two years—five years—we will stay; didn't like St. Joe anyway!'"

The subject of a tunnel connecting Ireland and Scotland has been brought before the British Government, and the project will be pushed if the requisite financial support can be obtained. The estimated cost is \$50,000,000. The route provisionally selected is from Strauraer in Scotland to Belfast in Ireland. The total distance is 51-2 miles, of which 34-2 miles would be tunnel, and 25 miles of the tunnel would be under the sea, along a line where the maximum depth is 480 feet. Electric motors would be used to drive the trains at an average speed of 60 to 70 miles per hour.

Susie E. Jenkins, twenty years old, of Philadelphia, says: "I have seen nearly all the funny shows that have come to Philadelphia in recent years, and not one of them could make me laugh. My mother has often tried to make me laugh by tickling me, but even that won't work. Ever since I can remember people have been telling me funny stories and cutting up all sorts of capers in the hope that I could be induced to smile; but all their efforts have been in vain. Nor I have ever consulted a doctor about it, for I have always enjoyed perfect health. I want to exhibit myself in public, and offer a prize to anyone who can make me laugh. It must be a queer sensation."

It has been recently asserted that mosquitoes are strongly attracted by certain sounds. This is confirmed by Sir Hiram Maxim, who in a letter to the London "Times" states that one of the electric lamps which he put up at Saratoga Springs, N.Y., in 1878, emitted a musical note; or rather the note proceeded from the box containing the dynamo-machine under the lamp. "One evening while examining the lamp he found that everything in the immediate vicinity was covered with small insects. They did not appear to be attempting to get into the globe, but into the box that was giving out the musical note. A close examination of these insects showed that they were all male mosquitoes. Although there were certainly two hundred times as many female mosquitoes on the ground as males, not a single female mosquito was found to have been attracted in the least by the sound."

HIGHLY COMMENDED AT PARIS.

A Canadian Product which Wins Much Fame at the Great Exposition of 1900.

Though not Entered as an Exhibit Dodd's Kidney Pills Continued their Victories Among the Visitors to the Exposition—Returned Canadian Commissioner Tells a Personal Experience.

Toronto, Dec. 2.—(Special)—Mr. J. G. Jardine, one of Canada's Commissioners to the Paris Exposition, has returned to his home at 305 Crawford street, this city, and is full of interesting stories of his experience during his stay in France.

He was impressed with the superiority of things Canadian when seen alongside the products of the world. Everything from Canada was "genuinely good," and while in some cases other exhibits might be more "showy," none were more worthy.

Mr. Jardine returns, if possible, a more enthusiastic Canadian, and this is in part at least due to the fact that while in Paris he was very much benefited by the use of that great Canadian tonic, Dodd's Kidney Pills. His work was very trying and made great demands on his health and strength, but he says:

"During my stay in Paris I found Dodd's Kidney Pills invaluable, relieving Backache instantly, and toning up my system generally."

Even in medical lines Canadians abroad have no reason to be ashamed of their country, for no remedy in the world has ever been so quickly recognized and given a foremost place among known curatives as Dodd's Kidney Pills wherever introduced.

The experience of Mr. Jardine with Dodd's Kidney Pills in Paris, the home of some of the greatest medical scientists, is significant.

He was not alone in his enjoyment of the benefits of this great tonic, for many other of his acquaintances were using the same medicine, among them the Secretary to the Canadian Commission, Mr. Aug. Dupuis, who is an enthusiastic believer in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

At the Author's Front Door.

Messenger-boy—Is this Mr. Ernest Seton-Thompson's, or Mr. Ernest

Thompson-Seton's, or Mr. Sompson-Teton's, or Mr. Ernest Theton-Shompson's? Maid—Wait a minute, can't you. He didn't say what it would be to-day. I'll go and ask him.—Cleveland "Plain Dealer."



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The Royal Military College.

THERE are few national institutions of more value and interest to the country than the Royal Military College, at Kingston. At the same time its object and the work it is accomplishing are not sufficiently understood by the general public.

The College is a Government institution, designed primarily for the purpose of giving the highest technical instruction in all branches of military science to cadets and officers of Canadian Militia. In fact, it is intended to take the place in Canada of the English Woolwich and Sandhurst and the American West Point.

The Commandant and military instructors are all officers on the active list of the Imperial army, lent for the purpose, and in addition there is a complete staff of professors for the civil subjects which form such a large proportion of the College course.

While the College is organized on a strictly military basis, the cadets receive in addition to their military studies a thoroughly practical, scientific and sound training in all subjects that are essential to a high and general modern education.

The course in mathematics is very complete and a thorough grounding is given in the subjects of Civil Engineering, Civil and Hydrographic Surveying, Physics, Chemistry, French and English.

The object of the College course is thus to give the cadets a training which shall thoroughly equip them for either a military or civil career.

The strict discipline maintained at the College is one of the most valuable features of the system. As a result of it young men acquire habits of obedience and self-control and consequently of self-reliance and command as well as experience in controlling and handling their fellows.

In addition, the constant practice of gymnastics, drills and outdoor exercises of all kinds, ensures good health and fine physical condition. An experienced medical officer is in attendance at the College daily.

Five commissions in the Imperial regular army are annually awarded as prizes to the cadets.

The length of course is three years, in three terms of 9 months residence each.

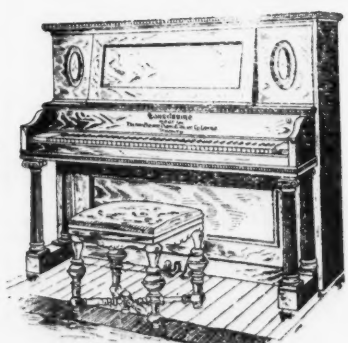
The total cost of the three years' course, including board, uniforms, instructional material, and all extras, is from \$750 to \$800.

The annual competitive examination for admission to the College will take place at the headquarters of the several military districts in which candidates reside, in May of each year.

For full particulars of this examination, or for any other information, application should be made as soon as possible, to the Adjutant General of Militia, Ottawa, Ont.

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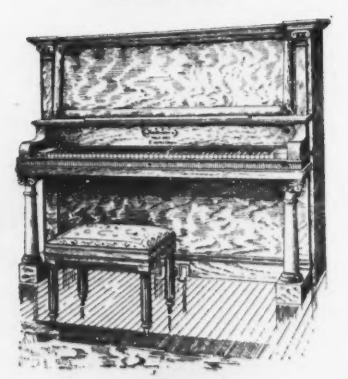
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The Drama.

"It never rains but it pours" is a platitude as true as trite. In the dramatic entertainments provided for the theater-going public of Toronto one often sees a queer working out of the principle—if it can be called a principle—of the coincidental association of similar occurrences. If there is musical comedy at the Princess, like enough there is musical comedy at the Grand. If realism, rampant and red, lights up the boards of one theater, nine chances in ten the habitue of the playhouses turns with jaded palate to similar fare on the other bills. Week before last I remarked on the fact that Irish dialect was running in one house, with Scotch dialect as a rival in another. This week we have the romantic drama at both the Princess and the Grand, and in each case it is romantic drama derived from the novel.

Harriet Ford's dramatization of Stanley Weyman's romance, "A Gentleman of France," has the common defect of dramatizations of books—that it does not present a clear, consecutive development of plot to the auditor who has not already read the story. Too much is assumed at the outset. In the delightful play enacted by Mr. Kyrle Bellew and his efficient company at the Princess, despite the intense interest wrought up by the adventures of Gaston de Marsac and his romantic love affair with Mademoiselle de la Vire, there are moments when the audience feels that the action flags or becomes obscured. Take, for instance, the introduction of King Henry III. in the sixth scene, when he comes to the lodgings of de Marsac and party. It is utterly impossible, I submit, for anyone who has not read Mr. Weyman's book, to understand the motive that prompts this visit. The passage is obscure, and consequently the interest that so important a step in the plot should arouse is lost amid speculation as to what it can all mean. In like manner, if in less degree, the motives actuating Henry de Navarre, M. de Bruhl, the Baron de Rosny, and even de Marsac and Mlle. de la Vire themselves, are at times woefully beclouded. An action without a motive as its key is of no interest. It is time for theater-goers to protest, if the simple delights of the playhouse are to be for those only who have time and inclination to swim with the ever-increasing flood of transient, and mayhap trashy, fiction. Yet if the theater continues to purvey dramatizations of popular novels at the rate it is now doing, this will soon come to pass. The play written as a play, if devoid of other virtues, is nearly always clear and can be enjoyed for all it is worth. The play written from the novel is nearly always obscure and cannot be enjoyed for all it is worth—which of course may be much or little—except by those who have had the fortune or the fortune to first make themselves acquainted with the book.

Aside from this single defect, the performance of A Gentleman of France is thoroughly delightful—one of the treats of this season in the Drama. Mr. Bellew has the full physical and artistic equipment for such a role as the adventurous, cool-headed, yet hot-blooded, loving and lovable gentleman of fortune—half knight-errant of the middle age, half soldier of the modern.



MR. BELLEW AS DE MARSAC.

His voice, while neither so rich nor so resonant as the voices of most successful actors of his age, is full of an intense, subdued ardor, which compensates by no means ill with the restraint and dignity of his acting, even in the more strenuous passages. I do not know how it may be, but in this role he gave me the impression of constantly holding himself in check. The effect of this was of course to intensify the meaning of every syllable and gesture. Few actors could impersonate Gaston de Marsac without being tempted to strut or fume. Mr. Bellew may have been so tempted; his virtue is in having not yielded.

The supporting company, on the whole, is very good. Miss Eleanor Robson acts at times in rare good taste, and with a dainty girlishness that is most winsome. But her style is somewhat monotonous, and tends to grow insipid if one gets much of her at a time. Together with a frail physique, Miss Robson has a curiously sensitive and girlish countenance for an actress—not at all a "professional" face, I should say. In a sense she is beautiful. Looked at without opera glasses, she is not attractive; looked at through the glasses her features are discovered to be a wonderfully mobile and expressive combination. Edgar Selwyn as Simon Fliex, de Marsac's body servant, faithful as a dog but cowardly as a rabbit, does some exceptionally clever work. So, in the only other comedy part, does Ada Dwyer as Fanchette, Mlle. de la Vire's maid. In the remainder of the cast there is no one specially worthy of note, though all are good. The play is beautifully mounted.



MISS ELEANOR ROBSON.

Costumes and scenery are both of the most costly description.

The fighting episode in the fifth scene, where de Marsac batters in the door of the room where Mlle. de la Vire is imprisoned, and turns to fight, single-handed, from his vantage point at the stair-head, a whole company of swordsmen, is one of the most terrific ever enacted on the stage. De Marsac is like a stag brought to bay by a pack of wolves. Attacked from every side, he hurls his enemies back one by one, dead or dying. At last all are disposed of save Fresnoy. The courtyard and stairway are littered with bodies; and back and forth over these de Marsac and Fresnoy advance or retreat in desperate combat with their swords. At the top of the stairs, by the battered-in door, the woman for whom all this blood has been spilt watches in mingled horror and admiration the fearful thrusting, of the blades. A sigh of real relief involuntarily escapes from the audience when the hero, spent and panting, overcomes his foe and stands victorious over all odds. It is a thrilling scene, enacted with the utmost spirit and realism.

Prince Otto, produced at the Grand, with Mr. Harry Glazier in the title role; is a very different play indeed from A Gentleman of France, and yet not without points of resemblance. Otis Skinner's dramatization of Robert Louis Stevenson's thrilling novel is not new to Torontonians, however, and therefore requires little comment, further than to say that Mr. Glazier and company give it a satisfactory interpretation, worthy of better support than they have received from the public in this city. The production is expensive and the company large and capable. Mr. Glazier is a romantic actor of no mean parts, and may be expected to do something noteworthy in his future career.

Anyone who visited Shea's this week received a treat in the singing of Eugene Cowles. Mr. Cowles is certainly the best vaudeville attraction ever brought here, and we are indebted to Mr. Shea's enterprise for securing this famous basso and giving Torontonians a chance to hear him again. The bill all through was exceptional, save the first act. This act was billed as a "roaring comedy skit," and the "roaring" was certainly in evidence, but the comedy failed to appear. For pure idiocy and inane farcical horse-play this skit beats anything that ever came down the pike, and a pantomime act should have been put on after it to give people's ears a rest. The Three Westons will always be popular here. Their musical act is refined and clever, and always has new features. Hal Stephens' artistic imitations are the best in that line ever seen here. Smith and Campbell, in their talking act, scored a hit, as did Stella Lee in her buck and reel dancing. The Awakening of Pipp, as presented by Charley Grapewin & Co., was very laughable and presented the after-effects of a night "out" in a very amusing way. The Polos in an acrobatic turn wound up the bill.

An amateur dramatic organization that is attracting considerable attention is that in connection with St. John's Musical and Literary Association. When the dramatic season was re-formed this fall, it included several people who had been favorably known in connection with the College of Music. Mr. L. L. Anthes, who has undertaken the direction of the company, is a former pupil of the College of Music. So are Miss Mabel Dalby, Mr. Ivan Wright, Miss Ethel Schofield, Mr. Grant Gordon. The other members are doing new work, but in conjunction with the more experienced members are getting up plays in a manner that is making the schoolhouse of St. John's, Portland street, one of the pleasantest places in which to spend an evening, when a play is to be put on. Mr. Anthes has been most successful in his efforts as director, having an intimate and practical working knowledge of what is required in the staging of a play. The many little points that have to be noted in the individuality of each person taking part receive an attention that raises anything yet produced by the company above the rank of what is usually classed as amateur.

That frisky damsel, Mam'selle 'Awkins, is again on her travels through the country under the chaperonage of George R. White. She is accompanied by a lively company of fifty friends who promise to do all in their power to amuse the patrons of the Grand Opera House next week.



MISS DELIA STACEY.

Miss Delia Stacey as Mam'selle 'Awkins has a part that fits her like a glove, and her genial and pleasant ways keep the audience in good humor from the rise to the fall of the curtain. Her work in Mam'selle 'Awkins, it is said, is even superior to her clever portrayal of the parts in The Bachelor's Honey-moon and The Burgomaster. Her songs, "It's a 'andy thing to 'ave around the 'ouse," "The pet of the family," and "Everybody wondered how he knew," are "hits" all ways. Among the supporting company are Harry W. Wilson, J. J. Cluxton, J. P. Sullivan, Eddie Smith and Max Rossi, a collection of clever comedians. From all indications, Mam'selle 'Awkins will have a pleasant and prosperous trip.

Many society women have taken to the stage, but one of the most successful is Mrs. Katherine Bloodgood, who will appear at Shea's Theater next week. Mrs. Bloodgood is renowned as a beauty, and in addition has a voice equalled

by very few singers of the day. A leader of the smart set in Brooklyn, she created a sensation a few months ago when the announcement was made that she would go on the vaudeville stage. In every city where she has appeared her spare time has been wholly occupied with social duties, and from the number of box parties booked at the theater next week it is evident that Toronto will receive her with open arms. Al Leech and The Rosebuds will be seen in a new act which is said to be more laughable than anything Mr. Leech has heretofore attempted. Al Shean and Charles L. Warren will also add comedy to the bill. They will be seen in Quo Vadis Upside Down, a merry-making of the first order, and something entirely new to the stage. Hal Davis and Ethel Barrington will present a sketch entitled One Christmas Eve, by Will M. Cressy. All of Mr. Cressy's efforts at sketch-writing have proved immensely successful, and Mr. Davis and Miss Barrington have the ability to get every laugh there is in the lines. The Pantzer Trio, acrobats and contortionists; Elsetta, the dancing marvel; Sidney Grant in monologue; Mlle. Chester's ten thousand dollar statue dog, which is pure white and stands so rigidly that he appears to be carved from marble, will also be features of the week.

The last number of the "Boston University Beacon," in an account of an entertainment in behalf of the Old English Library Fund, had the following paragraph concerning an elocutionist well known to Toronto people, socially and professionally: "In regard to the reader, we can only say that Dr. Black evidently has a rival in our affections at last, and in his own household, for Mrs. Charlton Black (Agnes Knox) won the hearts of her audience in quite an unmistakable way. Whether in her interpretation of Ruskin and Tennyson or of Maclaren and Jerome, one could not fail to feel a fine and true appreciation of the literary motive, a sincerity and power of treatment. There was nothing which impressed one as the artifice of the reader; the author's self seemed to speak and his personality to come near to us. We all know when an elocutionist simply intrudes his or her personality between the master and the audience, while there is no deeper pleasure than to feel an art which is genuinely interpretative. To say that one could feel in Mrs. Black's selections something of Shelley's buoyant ardor, the splendid and impetuous eloquence of Ruskin, the brooding imagination of Wordsworth, the loveliness and anguish of Keats, the beauty and human pathos of Tennyson, is praise enough. Every lover of noble English literature will be grateful with us, to Mrs. Black, for the rare enjoyment which she gave us all. We shall not soon forget that afternoon spent in the larger and diviner air of the masters."

Mrs. Patrick Campbell is, beyond question or dispute, the greatest of English-speaking actresses. She is manageress of the Royalty Theater, London, and the idol of the London public. She is the creator of the two greatest of all the Pinero roles, The Second Mrs. Tanqueray and The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith, and in either no other actress has ever approached her marvelous work. She has no rival as Magda, unless it be Madame Duse, certainly none among English-speaking actresses. It is interesting to note the fact that in Chicago on her opening night, her initial appearance in this country, she will appear as Magda, and so she will on her opening night in New York city, which will occur January 13th, and at the Theater Republic. Her opening date for Chicago is December 30th, the house chosen being the Grand Opera House. Mrs. Campbell's American tour will in all probability include only the leading cities of the North and West. Mr. Sheppard of the Princess has made a liberal offer for an engagement of the English actress here, and she is to come about the end of February.

Dolly Varden, the opera by Stanislaus Stange and Julian Edwards, which was produced here early in the season, will run for two weeks during the Christmas holidays at the Princess Theater. The great cast seen here before will be heard in the opera, and after its final engagement here Dolly Varden will go to the Herald Square Theater, New York.

That rollicking musical comedy, The Burgomaster, is to come to the Princess the week after next. The company this time will be the Western organization—that which produced it here last year having been the Eastern company. Knox Wilson will be the Doodle von Kull of the outfit, and a very funny one they say he makes.

The attraction at the Toronto Opera House next week is a detective drama, entitled From Scotland Yard, the story being founded upon incidents in the history of the famous English criminal investigation department.

Rugby.

LAST Saturday's match was the final struggle of the football man for the "center of the stage and all the limelights." In the sporting columns he is gradually being given less and less space, and when the Muock series is finished up at 'Varsity, the "rah-rah" boy will have to look to the hockeyist for an excuse to yell. Although sadly crippled, the Argonauts put up a great argument for the championship, and if the score looked a little one-sided it was not on account of the superiority of the College team as an organization, but was due to Eddie Gleason's ability to kick and his all-round good generalship.

When the College team first talked of getting Gleason out for the championship game, along with others who thought they knew I expressed doubts as to his being of any material assistance to the team. I take it all back and will say that he did more to make the Ottawa College fight a team than any man in the country could have done—King Clancy and Father Fallon not excepted.

The Argonauts deserve all kinds of credit for the way in which they have fought their way from the position of underdogs into the champion class. The same spirit which

has made the club one of the best known and most respected aquatic organizations has evidently inspired their Rugby team and helped it in the struggles on the gridiron. The three long and tiresome trips, one to Ottawa and two to Montreal, were certainly not made with a view to amassing wealth, and the last trip to Montreal, when the team played the final game with two of their best players off, is good evidence that the team is playing the game for something better than gate receipts.

'Varsity's challenge to Ottawa College will scarcely be considered by the Eastern collegians, who would have all to lose and nothing to gain by such a game.

THE REFEREE.

Notes From the Capital.

Lord Minto's Select Dinner Parties.—Very Stately Functions
Lady Minto Helps Out in a Guessing Contest.—What Did She Name the Doll?—A Pot-Pourri of Society News.

HERE have been several dinner parties at Government House during the past ten days, none of them large dinners, not more than twelve or fourteen guests at any one, but all of them marked by that particular charm which has made an invitation to dinner at Government House during the present regime to be looked upon not only as an honor, but as a pleasure. A member of the Cabinet is usually among the guests at these small dinners, and takes in the Countess of Minto, while the Cabinet Minister's wife goes in with His Excellency. Dinner is always served in the dining-room, which is sufficiently large for a party of eighteen or twenty, and is now a very handsome room, with its crimson walls done over specially for the Royal visit. The guests are asked for eight o'clock, and are usually gathered in the drawing-room at that hour. They are received by an aide-de-camp, and a few minutes later the Earl and Countess enter and make a tour of the room, shaking hands with each guest. The ladies on shaking hands make a "bob" curtsy. Then His Excellency leads the way in to dinner. The Countess of Minto is extremely fond of flowers, and her penchant shows itself in the decorations of the dinner-table, which are always of the season's choicest flowers. In accordance with the sensible rules laid down during the last few years by the dictators of fashion, the menu at Government House is a short one. Everything is well cooked and well served, but there is not that wearisome succession of entrees which makes a dinner in the homes of the nouveau riches an exhausting process to one's digestion as well as one's patience. Dinner at Government House seldom extends over an hour. On leaving the room, the ladies turn and curtsy to His Excellency, who bows pleasantly to each one in return.

Among the interesting people who have dined with the Earl and Countess lately is Colonel Evans, who was their guest on the second night after his arrival in Ottawa. Colonel Evans has been an honored guest at many functions this week, but it is safe to say that he has had far more invitations than he could possibly accept.

The cards are at last out for the dance at which Mr. Arthur Guise and Captain Bell will be the hosts. It takes place in the Racquet Court on the night of December 12th. Last Tuesday night Mrs. Perley's dance came off most successfully in the Racquet Court.

A smart supper party was given last week by Mrs. St. Denis Lemoine. Suppers after the theater are a favorite amusement in Ottawa, and this one followed Mr. Reeves-Smith's clever performance, A Brace of Partridges, for which all that was fashionable in Ottawa was assembled in the Russell Theater. The Earl and Countess of Minto were in the vice-regal box, having Lady Ruby Elliot and Major Maude with them. Mr. Guise and Captain Bell were in the adjoining box. Most of the boxes were occupied, and the ladies in the orchestra chairs, as well as those in the boxes, wore smart evening gowns, which, owing to the pleasant temperature maintained in the Russell Theater, were not hidden by evening cloaks. There must have been fully sixty or sixty-five in the audience at the play who came later to Mrs. Lemoine's supper, which was served at small tables for four persons each. Mrs. Collingwood Schreiber will be the hostess at a similar supper on Monday night after the performance of The Burgomaster. Mr. and Mrs. Fielding are still at the Russell, but expect to get into their house shortly. The Misses Fielding have returned to town, the one from Halifax, and the other, Miss Florence Fielding, from St. John, N.B., where she has spent a couple of months visiting friends. Lady Davies has given a couple of small teas lately, one of which was in honor of Miss Snowball, daughter of Hon. Senator Snowball, who is still the guest of the Misses Blair.

Miss Georgina Pope, not having received a very encouraging reply from the Militia Department in answer to the offer of the nurses to go to South Africa with the new contingent, left this week for New York, where she will do private nursing for the winter. It is probable that the Militia Department will send no nurses with the Canadians, as there are a number of English sisters still in South Africa.

The Countess of Minto honored the May Court Club by coming to their exhibition and sale of work on Wednesday afternoon, and having tea with them. That was a private day, only the club members being there to meet the Countess. On the following afternoons the exhibition and sale were open to the public. There were some very pretty bits of work shown, and the sales were good. A certain amount of the money goes to the "relief" committee of the club, and will help to brighten Christmas for the children in the hospitals and the sufferers in the Perley Home for Incurables.

Major and Mrs. Forester of Toronto, who have been in Ottawa for several weeks, owing to an illness which kept the Major a prisoner in St. Luke's Hospital, left on Saturday last for Fredericton, N.B., where they will spend the month of sick leave granted Major Forester.

A handsome doll, dressed in light blue china silk, has been shown in a shop window in Sparks street this week, and has excited a good deal of interest, especially among the children, but not only the children, but older people, are anxious to know the name of this fair lady, who carries a sealed envelope fastened to her pretty wax wrist. Her name is written on a card inside the envelope, which has a small black border and is sealed with the Minto crest. The only person in Canada who knows Dolly's name is the lady who named her and who, with her own hand, wrote the name on the card within the envelope. That is the Countess of Minto. A guess at the doll's name costs ten cents, but the ten-cent pieces are coming in fast. They go into the coffers of the St. Patrick's Orphans' Home, at whose At Home next week the doll will be one of the most interesting if least animated guests. "Victoria" and "May" are the names most frequently put down by guessers, but it is hardly probable that the Countess would have given her such a likely name. The one who guesses right will win the doll, and if several guesses are right, the names will be put in a hat and one drawn. The doll, by the way, was dressed by a smart couturiere of Montreal by order of Mrs. M. P. Davis, and her clothes are quite worthy of her pretty face and golden curls.

Miss Gibbs of Port Arthur is the guest of Miss Miall, who is now living in Daly avenue. A girls' tea was given for Miss Gibbs on Friday last by her cousins, the Misses Gibbs of Maclaren street.

Miss Gregor of Quebec is visiting the Misses Keefer at Rockliffe, and was among the guests at a tea given by Miss Sweetland on Thanksgiving Day.

Mr. and Mrs. D'Arcy Scott left yesterday for a visit to New York, where they will stop at the Waldorf. Miss Agnes Davis went down with them, and will be the guest of Mrs. Sheehan.

The weather is sufficiently like winter here to make one fancy the Rideau Rink will soon be opened. Mr. St. Denis Lemoine is the president this season, and Mr. A. H. O'Brien is the secretary, and they are at present very busy.

AMARYLLIS.

A "DEAD 'UN."



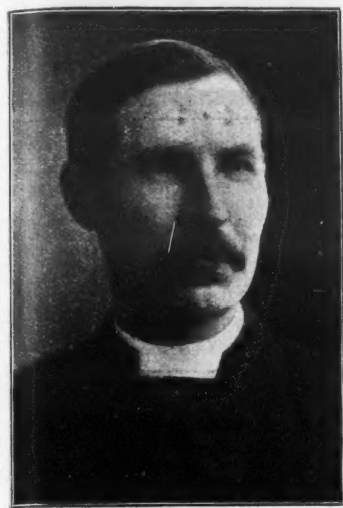
The Dog—I'd give F. S. a pull at the key if he wasn't in such soft snow.

A Tour of the Churches

No. 3.
How the Casual Visitor is Impressed
"DON."

Prof. H. J. Cody.

A WEEK ago last Sunday night was chill and wet, and the church-goers seemed nowhere to develop into a crowd. Shivering shapes beneath dripping umbrellas suggested poor material for a congregation, for when one is cold and uncertain about damp feet, responsiveness, which is such an aid to a preacher, is apt to be lacking. Half-hidden by creeping vines, St. Paul's Church in Bloor street, before it was enlarged, was without doubt one of the prettiest specimens of Gothic architecture in the city, but bare, in the drizzle of a November night, it was scarcely inviting. It was but a plain interior I saw when I settled myself down without any noticeable sense of comfort in an uncushioned seat to hear a young preacher of whom I had heard much. The night was not such as would invite to church-going the fashionable people, and St. Paul's, I imagine, is by no means what would be called a fashionable church. The congregation was composed largely of people under middle age, their faces clear-cut and expectant, and justifying the reputation which the rector enjoys of attracting thoughtful and helpful people to his church. I had gone expecting much, for everywhere one hears praises of Professor Cody, his excellent sermons and his zeal in all good works. Hearing advance praises of a preacher is apt either to prepare the visitor for too much or to make him over-critical in looking for the smugness and shallow wiles which sometimes serve to build up a parish reputation—I'm afraid I was in the latter spirit I began to notice a few things which might be improved. The musical service was simple and uneven, like that of a country church, though the congregation joined with a hearty sincerity which was also shown in the responses. Everyone seemed desirous of having a part in the service, a tendency distinctly lacking in those churches where the man in the pulpit appears to do all the thinking, preaching and praying, and the choir most of the singing, for those assembled. Individualism in St. Paul's has not been trained out of the congregation or the choir, and replaced by that smooth and rhythmical unity which is so pleasant to the ear, but the service was interesting because of its spontaneity and sincerity, and in spite of the fact that it was inartistic from a musical point of view.



REV. PROF. CODY.

It happened that Professor Cody was concluding a series of sermons on Gideon, and I shivered to think how little I knew of the chief of "Gideon's band," and of how I would be at a loss for a true estimate of what I heard owing to having missed the previous sermons. The rector took as his starting point Judges viii., 1, "And the men of Ephraim said unto him, Why hast thou served us thus, that thou callest us not, when thou wentest to fight with the Midianites? And they did chide with him sharply." Professor Cody does not read the Scriptures according to the established rules of elocution or the pulpit, but to bring out the meaning. He was so successful in this and the exposition of the chapter and what had preceded, that the dullness in the congregation must have been thoroughly understood the whole situation. The late Rev. Dr. Kellogg, at one time pastor of the St. James' Square Presbyterian Church, and who died while on missionary work in India, was esteemed the greatest expository preacher ever in a Toronto pulpit, but in one respect at least Professor Cody shows a greater skill and insight than did he who had so much to do with the translation of the Bible into a language of the Orient. Technically, Dr. Kellogg seemed to me a master of that most interesting, instructive and delightful sort of preaching, but in the application of the explained passages to human affairs, to everyday impulses and to the workings of the mind and heart, Professor Cody showed himself to be, locally at least, without a superior. He asked us if we were not well acquainted with people of the type of the men of Ephraim, who chided Gideon for not calling upon them to share in the fight with the Midianites. There are many excellent people, said he, in every community and every church, who really feel hurt if they are not invited to join in every good work, to subscribe to all helpful funds, and bear their share of necessary burdens. These, however, he did not consider to be of the same class as the men of Ephraim, whom he believed to be typical of those who cannot be found until the fight is over, and are then loud in their complaints, if victory is won, that they had not been invited to share in it. There are three attitudes of the ordinary man towards a new movement which does not from the beginning promise success. First, when the critic uses the third person in speaking of those engaged in it, to the effect that "They will never succeed in such a wild project." Second, when the movement is advanced a little further, the second person is used: "You will never succeed, my brother, good as your aim no doubt is, in the way you are going about it." Third, after it is a success, when the first person is used: "We did it." I do not pretend to give exact quotations and shall not attempt to do so, for the whole sermon was so full of good things that it would have to be reported verbatim to convey the impression it did from the pulpit.

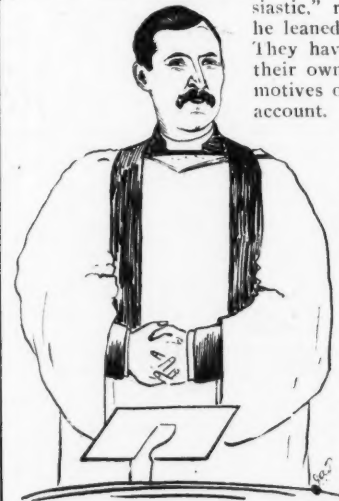
Passing to the next two verses of the chapter, where by a soft answer Gideon turned away wrath by inferentially belittling his own achievements, while praising the men of Ephraim, he read, "What have I done now in comparison of you? Is not the gleaning of the grapes of Ephraim better than the vintage of Abi-ezer? God hath delivered into your hands the princes of Midian, Oreb and Zeeb: and what was I able to do in comparison of you?" How hard it is for even a great man to make much of the triumphs of others and little of his own! What great good we could all accomplish if we did not insist on having the credit of doing it! Speaking of Gideon and his three hundred following the Midianites, "faint yet pursuing," he referred to the tendency both to understate and to overstate the enemy and not to take into sufficient account the greatness of the cause and the help of the Lord. This brought him to the princes of Succoth and Peniel, whom Gideon implored to give bread to his fainting troops, but who answered him with a sneering question as to whether his enemies had been delivered into his hand. The reprisal of



understanding rather than tickle the ear. In moving about he seems nervous and hurried; in the pulpit, quiet and self-possessed, reaching his climaxes without shouting them, and saying his best things—none of them sensational—with no self-consciousness except the unmistakable twinkle of his eye. People must delight to hear him because they hear about themselves and are made better by the smarting and sometimes amusing touch of candidly spoken truth. Not that he is bitter or scolds—I cannot conceive of him in such a pulpit role; he gently holds the mirror up to nature and the listener has but to glance in the glass to see himself, and smile at his own follies or be chilled by the skeleton of his own selfishness. DON.

Gideon upon these people after he had captured Zebah and Zalmunna was justified as the punishment of traitors, who—active or passive—in all times have been abhorred and severely dealt with, and the putting to death of Zebah and Zalmunna, the kings of Midian, spoken of as a justifiable punishment of those who had wantonly slaughtered the brethren of Gideon. It is difficult to convey a proper idea of the apt and soul-searching applications which were made during this running commentary on the eighth chapter of Judges, but we were all delighted to follow him and his Biblical hero, watch the events, and turn upon ourselves the applications he made, invariably with a twinkle in his eye.

He pointed out to us that Gideon was at his best when he refused to become king of Israel, saying, "I will not rule over you, neither shall my son rule over you: the Lord shall rule over you." It is hard for a man to refuse a proffered honor, and though Gideon may not have felt that Israel had been sufficiently trained to accept a king, yet doubtless he recognized the fact that if he accepted the high office tendered him, the men of Israel would be apt to ascribe to him the deliverance from the hands of Midian, and forget that he had simply been an instrument in the hands of the Lord. Gideon was at his worst when he requested that unto him should be given the golden ornaments, which had been taken from the Midianites, and of which he made an ephod—whatever that was—and put it in the city of Ophrah. "This was Gideon as the ecclesiastic," remarked Prof. Cody as he leaned quietly over his pulpit. They have temptations peculiarly their own, and do things for the motives of which they can hardly account. Why should Gideon have made an ephod to celebrate a victory which was the Lord's and which should not have been commemorated to the breaking of the second commandment? But ecclesiastics, like many others, start movements without knowing whither they will lead, and so it was with Gideon at his worst, for what he did led all Israel astray and became a snare unto him and his house. This seemed to me a quiet drive at ritualism, but the evident truth of the application in other directions was sufficient to keep it from being painfully pointed.

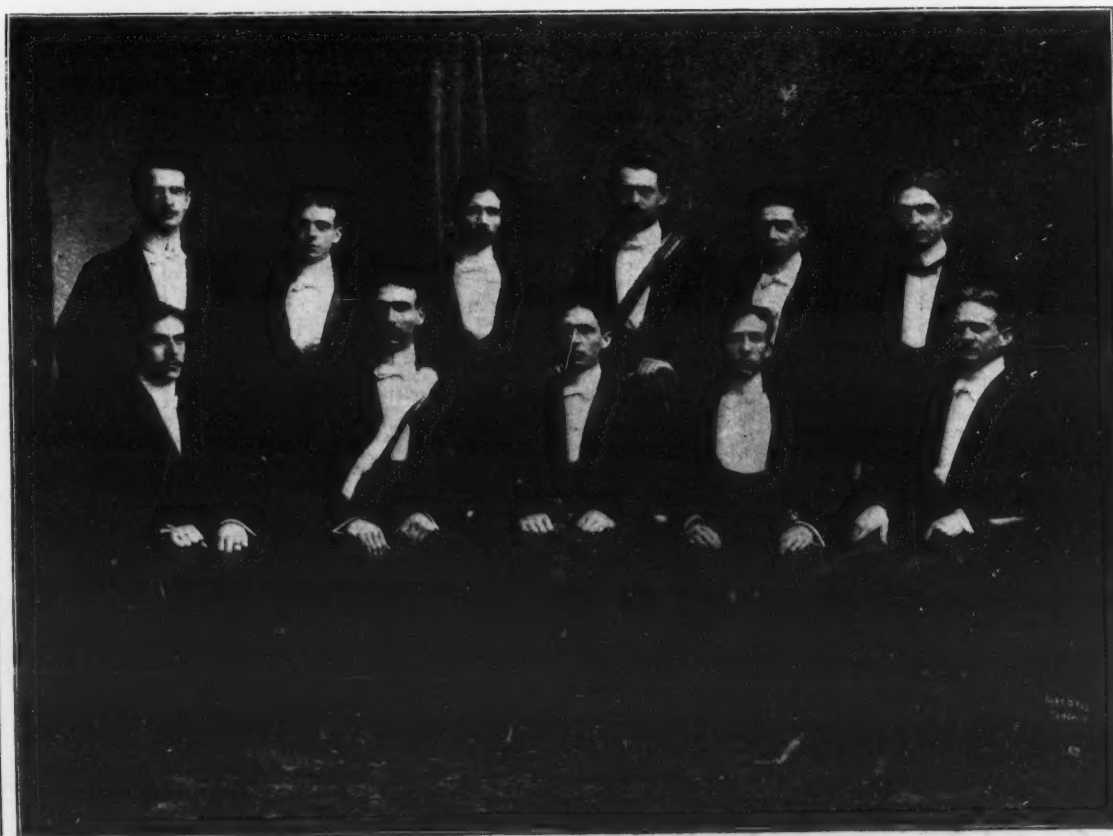


MR. T. F. WALLACE, Conservative.

In summarizing his sermons on Gideon, he showed us in his quiet way that almost everything was a question of attitude. In selecting the band which was to work with Gideon, the men of Israel naturally divided themselves into classes. When the leader told those who were fearful and afraid to return to their homes, twenty and two thousand departed; these were the cowards. The lazy and self-indulgent also were left behind, and of ten thousand but three hundred endured the test, and they were the ones who, though faint, yet pursued the Midianites. Dwelling briefly on our attitude towards good movements, how we can be helpful or hurtful to them and to ourselves, the sermon, which had lasted somewhat longer than the limit which the modern preacher puts upon himself, was at an end, though the congregation seemed willing to listen as long as the preacher was willing to talk.

The success of Prof. Cody in the pulpit is not the result of any physical impressiveness or rhetorical tricks. Speaking almost extemporaneously, he is fluent, always using the right word and conveying exactly the idea he intends. His voice is pleasant, clear, and modulated so as to reach the

ROYAL COLLEGE OF DENTAL SURGEONS "AT HOME" COMMITTEE, 1901-02.



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THE ELECTORAL CONTEST IN WEST YORK.



MR. T. F. WALLACE, Conservative.



MR. ARCH. CAMPBELL, EX-M.P. Liberal.

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A Case of Affinity.

HE lolled back in his chair after the second course and the waiter whispered mysteriously, "Venison?"

"Waal, I guess I will, seein' it's agin' the law. It tastes sweeter, somehow."

And they little thought how that venison had been got. This is how it was.

'Twas the last day of the season, and we'd had no luck. Bill Burdock, the Toronto broker, who knew everything, said there wasn't a deer in the district. We were beginning to believe him, when the bellowing of the hounds reached and gave evidence that Bill was a liar. He was.

There were four of us, able-bodied, straight-limbed, and possibly went thirty-nine on an average around the chest, and—well, we hadn't shot a deer. The dogs gave forth their deep throat-notes, nearer and nearer, the dawn opened into day, and we were ready. We became distant, for with all the comradeship of sport "friendship ceases" with the bounding beat of the deer along the runway. It came. We fired. Fired again. But on it flew, and plunged into the lake.

She was there. There always is a woman—from the Garden of Eden to a hunting trip. And she was in the line of fire. We looked on. Plunging in its frightful fear, half out of the water, the doe in its frantic efforts to escape came closer and closer to the canoe.

"We've got her now," said my comrade, and the deer swam within fifty yards of the canoe, and we saw the rifle in the hands of the girl.

We held our breath, waiting for the report of the gun, when sweet and shrill from the point of rock from which the deer had jumped came the cry of a fawn—the cry of a child to its mother. In the silence of the morning it pealed throughout the rockbound bay, and the doe swam on. Nearer and nearer the hunted deer came to the girl in the canoe. Her rifle was levelled and we waited for the report, but again that mother-call came from the fawn, echoing and re-echoing from rock and piny palisades, and—the rifle was lowered. For a woman is but a woman.

Then Burdock made the mistake of his life. He shot the doe, and the calling cry of the fawn was the requiem of his hopes. She'll never marry Burdock. A man should be careful with firearms. C. L. SHAW.

Uncle Silas With the Argos at Montreal.

AS Uncle Si' had talked so much about "roogby" since his first view of the game a month ago, it did not require much "advance agent talk" to work him up to going down to Montreal last week with the Argonaut team. In fact, when I was finished presenting the case he had the fever again real bad.

"Darn me! I'm goin' to see this thing through if I have to sell 'Gimpy' the mare or starve the chickens. I 'low my chickens kin hustle round an' find 'bout all they need themselves—I'll go!"

Uncle was as good as his word and boarded the G.T.R. night express at Little York, having done a four-mile

cross-tie pilgrimage, enveloped in a rusty coon coat, long boots and the historic peak cap.

"By gosh, boys, I'm powerful glad to see you'se Argons. Yes, I say, powerful glad. I've been awaitin' two hours fer this here train, fer time don't count with me when ther's a game on!" Uncle Silas said, as the O.R.F.U. champions had the pleasure of being presented to him—an honest smile lighting up his droll, wind-roughened face.

"Beats all tarnation how you'se fellers has won games this plowin' time, and I says keep it up, keep it up, fer you'se has good support in this here old farmer, fer he's jest sold a hull raft o' cordwood and has th' 'long green,' as city chaps calls it, right here."

This strong argument was thrown out as a "bracer or night-cap" for the "Argons," as mother's brother climbed up with difficulty, aided by the porter (or 'ostler, as he put it), into an upper berth, and in five minutes was sending out "snores" that threatened to drown the roar of wheels and banging of doors.

Not being within earshot of the farm-yard rooster's early call, Uncle Silas did not "pull out" of his slumber until Montreal was nearly reached.

"Good morning, Uncle, how do you feel?" said I.

"Why, gracious me, I'm fine, but it beats all tarnation where that durned thing of a sock has went to. I 'low I had it 'bout last night."

Upon "hollerin'" out his loss, Captain Kent found the missing article wandering down the car aisle and brought it back to its owner.

"I'm terrible glad to get this," said Uncle, gratefully, "but how is yer physog, 'Pud'? I calc'late it's awf' sore yit."

"Fud" declared his face was O.K., and Uncle, satisfied, next enquired with tender solicitude as to how Pussy, Parmy, Percy, Chad and Joe "was this mornin'" just as the train thundered into the Bonaventure depot.

In the afternoon Uncle Silas occupied a prominent grand-stand seat at the match, his peak cap and coon coat being conspicuous figures in the landscape.

From the "kick-off" Uncle was, strictly speaking, "always in the game," and kept shouting out, like Nelson's motto, that Toronto expected every man to do his "dooty."

Meanwhile, though Uncle Si' worked hard, gesticulating with both arms and giving secret signs, known only to himself, the score rolled up against the "Argons," and by half-time Uncle was issuing copious draughts of "bad talk" and mad enough to tear his cap up.

"Fer pity sakes, you'se 'Argons,' spruce up a bit and beat them Bytown chaps into tarnation," thundered mother's side of the house as the Argonauts filed out after a ten-minute rest.

The team did "spruce up" after these pungent directions, and when Hardisty got in one of his mammoth "punts" Uncle went wild with delight and could not help delivering another famous oration to a concourse of half-frozen spectators.

"Ho! Ho! Haw-haw-haw! Well done, Percy, well done, old dog! Hooray!"

Uncle Silas, from exuberance of spirits, was never still after this, but as the score swelled for "them College chaps" the color of his lips changed, and with rainy eyes—to quote his own words—he "was ready to shed a milk-pail full o' tears and start a washerwoman in business."

When time was called and the Ottawa College aggregation were champions of all Canada, the farmer-philosopher brushed away the few remaining frozen tears that hung to his coon-skin, and handed out his final remarks for the day:

"Look ahere, boys, you'se fellers has battled gamely, but gracious me alive, trav'lin' in steam-cars an' havin' sick folks on th' team ain't agoin' to make our outfit win. Yer all in needs of a spruce up at my Harmony Hall farm fer a spell, adoin' chores an' milkin'. So do come 'long." J. W. B.

The Gentle Life.

FIRST: You shall learn to desire nothing in the world so much but that you can be happy without it.

Second: You shall seek that which you desire only by such means as are fair and lawful, and this will leave you without bitterness towards men or shame before God.

Third: You shall take pleasure in the time while you are seeking, even though you obtain not immediately that which you seek; for the purpose of a journey is not only to arrive at the goal, but also to find enjoyment by the way.

Fourth: When you attain that which you have desired, you shall think more of the kindness of your fortune than of the greatness of your skill. This will make you grateful and ready to share with others that which Providence hath bestowed upon you; and truly that is both reasonable and profitable, for it is but little that any of us would catch in this world were not our luck better than our deserts.

And to these four rules I will add yet another—Fifth: When you smoke your pipe with a good conscience, trouble not yourself because there are men in the world who will find fault with you for so doing. If you wait for a pleasure at which no sour-complexioned soul hath ever girded, you will wait long, and go through life with a sad and anxious mind. But I think that God is best pleased with us when we give little heed to scoffers and enjoy His gifts with thankfulness and an easy heart.—From "The Ruling Passion," by Henry Van Dyke.

The Golden Age of Profanity.

THE early part of the nineteenth century was the age of heavy drinking and bad language. Gentlemen swore at each other because an oath added emphasis to their assertions. They swore at inferiors because their commands would not otherwise receive prompt obedience. The chaplain cursed the sailors because it made them listen more attentively to his admonitions. Ladies swore, orally and in their letters. Lord Braxfield, a famous Scotch judge, offered to a lady at whom he swore: because she played badly at whist the sufficient apology that he had mistaken her for his wife. Erskine swore at a bar, and Lord Thurlow swore on the bench. George IV. was always swearing; a profane oath always accompanied this Defender of the Faith's expression of approval of the weather, a horse, a dinner, or a drinking bout. His accomplished brothers envied his powers in this field of endeavor, and copied his example. "Society clothed itself with cursing as with a garment." Vauxhall, then still a fashionable resort, must have been a delectable place, with its feast of curse words and flow of oaths. Other amusements were bull-baiting, cock-fighting and prize-fighting. Wilberforce and Sheridan supported a bill in 1802 to abolish bull-baiting, which was opposed by Mr. Windham, on the ground that it was "the first result of a conspiracy of the Jacobins and Methodists to render the people grave and serious."

The Superstition of the Medical Profession.

The eccentric playwright, George Bernard Shaw, has been indulging in medical controversy. In a characteristic letter to the "British Medical Journal" he thus pays his respects to the profession: "Unfortunately medical practice has as yet been so lightly touched by the scientific spirit that the average doctor is still, not only in his patient's view but his own, a dealer in cures and preventive charms. But that is an additional reason for bringing to bear on it the criticism of an independent branch of science. A great deal of what is called scientific opinion to-day is nothing but medical opinion; and a great deal of medical opinion is simply energetic trade-unionism, and very superstitious trade-unionism at that."

Clara (examining new triumphs of dentistry in John's mouth)—Why, John, they're temporary fillings. John—Yes, dear, temporary fillings in temporary teeth in a temporary man. What's the use of putting anything permanent into a mouth forty-five years old?—"Life."

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New York Central Change of Time.

On November 3 the New York Central makes a change in its time-table, but the change does not affect Toronto passengers for New York and Boston, so that the splendid service they have been accustomed to in the past will still hold good. C.P.R. agent, corner King and Yonge, has the diagram of the through sleeping-car.

Wabash Railroad Co.

If you are contemplating a trip south or west for the winter, please consider the merits of the Wabash Line, the short and true route to the South or West, including Old Mexico, the Egypt of the New World; Texas and California, the lands of sunshine and flowers. Travelers will tell you that the Wabash is the best equipped line in America, everything is up to date and first-class in every respect.

Passengers leaving Toronto and west via evening trains reach Chicago next morning, St. Louis next afternoon at 2 o'clock, Kansas City the same evening at 9:30 o'clock.

Rates, time-tables and all information from any R.R. agent, or J. A. Richardson, district passenger agent, north-east corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

Anecdotal.

Once, when passing through a cemetery, Elliot Gregory was surprised to see that the members of one old New England family had been buried in a circle, with their feet toward its center. He asked the reason for this arrangement, and a wit of that day, daughter of Mrs. Stowe, replied: "So that when they rise at the Last Day, only members of their own family may face them!"

Prof. Style (pronounced Still), of the State University of California, must be either a boor or a smart Aleck. If the following story told by the "Argonaut" is true, and the general verdict will be "Served him right." The other day, says the "Argonaut," while calling the roll of one of his classes, Professor Still came to the name of a Miss Greene. He paused and expressed his disapproval of the final e in her name by saying: "G-r-e-e-n-e, does that spell Green or Greene?" Miss Greene promptly replied: "S-y-l-l-e, does that spell Style or Sillie?"

"It is a shame," John Randolph once said in the United States Senate, "that the bull-dogs of the administration should waste their time in worrying the rats of the Opposition." The members constituting "The Opposition"

"1902, A.D."

Art Calendars

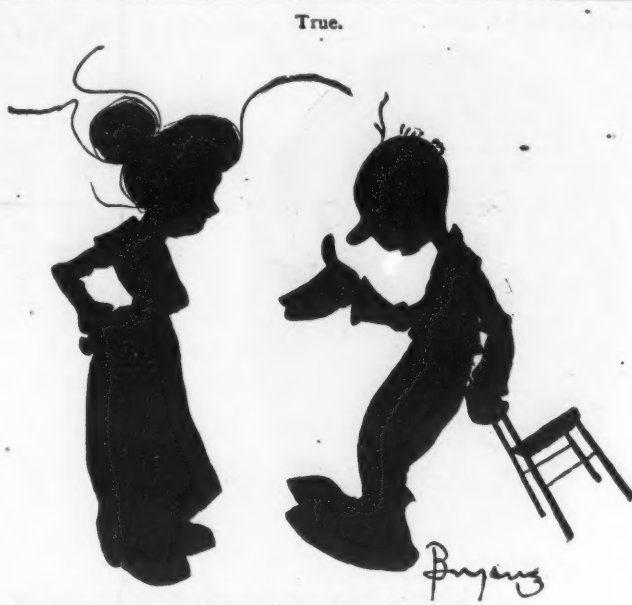
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In our Art Room we have on display many of the new Art Calendars and Christmas Cards.

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"The jury was out two days and then failed to agree."
"That proves conclusively that we ought to have women juries."
"Why so?"
"Well, you know a jury of women would have disagreed sooner than that."

groaned, hissed, and called him to order. The presiding officer ruled that he was in order, and Randolph, springing to his feet, pointed at his antagonists and screamed: "Did I say rats? I meant mice, mice, Mr. President."

James McNeil Whistler was recently dining with a friend in London. Suddenly, when all had dined and were back in the drawing-room, Whistler said that he had almost forgotten it, but he absolutely must write a letter and get it off by the night's post. He was told that in a room at the head of the first flight of stairs he would find the lights burning and pens, paper and ink at his disposal. He went up, and presently there was heard a series of bumps, ending in a heavy thud at the foot of the stairs. The master had tripped, lost his balance, and come near having a bad fall. The host ran to him and asked if he was hurt. "I am not killed, if that's what you mean!" Whistler replied; "but, tell me, who built those stairs?" The host mentioned the name of a builder unknown either to Whistler or to fame. "Humph, he did, eh? The d-d teetotaler," said Whistler.

Booker T. Washington tells an amusing story of an old colored preacher who was endeavoring to explain to his congregation how it was that the Children of Israel passed over the Red Sea safely, while the Egyptians, who came after them, were drowned. The old man said: "My brethren, it was this way: When the Israelites passed over, it was early in the morning, while it was cold, and the ice was strong enough so that they went over all right; but when the Egyptians came along it was in the middle of the day, and the sun had thawed the ice so that it gave way under them, and they were drowned." At this, a young man in the congregation, who had been away to school and had come home, rose and said: "I don't see how that explanation can be right, parson. The geography that I've been studying tells us that ice never forms under the equator, and the Red Sea is nearly under the equator." "There, now," said the old preacher, "that's all right. I've been 'spectin' some of you smart Alecks would be askin' just some such fool question. The time I was talkin' about was before they had any jogafries or 'quators either."

All flower-lovers who read Elizabeth and her German Garden and who sympathized deeply with the heroine in her hopes and fears over her ventures, will be interested in this letter from the writer herself, who is the Countess Von Arnim, an Englishwoman married to a titled German, though not one who will hope for her sake. "The Man of Wrath" in verity. The letter was sent in answer to one written by a gentleman in Ottawa who owns a beautiful rose-garden; it will be seen that she understood the meaning of the "N'importe Qui" which he pretended to hide, and her gay humor is shown in her own signature, which she would veil under a similar play upon words. This is the way she writes on paper with an odd red crest, and with envelope postmarked with some illegible German words: "Dear M. Namport Key: "Your charming letter has so puffed me up with pride that far from being

Write Right.

"Scatter Decent, Helpful Things."

Good, philosophical Ras Wilson once said to a new reporter: "Young man, write as you feel, but try to feel right. Be good humored toward everyone and everything. Believe that other folks are just as good as you are, for they are. Give 'em your best and bear in mind that God has sent them, in his wisdom, all the trouble they need, and it is for you to scatter gladness and decent, helpful things as you go. Don't be particular about how the stuff will look in print, but let 'er go. Someone will understand. That is better than to write so dosh high or so tarnashun deep, deep that no one understands. Let 'er go."

"So on the above plan," says M. W. Porter of Topeka, Kan., "I will write what I know of Grape-Nuts Breakfast Food from personal experience. After a long period of indigestion and other disorders, with some misgivings, I took up the use of Grape-Nuts. Despite the hot weather I kept gaining in strength and mentally, a thing I had never done at that season of the year. "I found the food an excellent stimulant for the brain, and I could do more and better work than I had ever done. It was a revelation to discover how closely the brain and digestive organs were in sympathy with each other. Whatever retarded the work of one had a corresponding effect on the other, and the food that tended to put one in proper shape acted accordingly on the other. I know that my great improvement mentally and physically came from dispensing with unwholesome food and using Grape-Nuts liberally."

modest, I am unbearable. Your rose fills me with envy—how lovely it is. If I had one here it would not grow, the climate is so changeable. We have frost sometimes in August. All my tea roses that I wrote about are dead and frozen, in spite of more tender attention and covering than the babies get even. This autumn, greatly daring, I start fresh ones.

"I think I must make an expedition to America, the letters I get from there are so delightful, and I should so much enjoy seeing my unknown friends' gardens. It was so kind of you to send me a photograph of a bit of yours.

"Believe me,
"Yours very gratefully,
"Elizabeth—Nampont Kwa."

A Day in Good Company.

The Latest Debutante. Dressing and Working.

I HAVE been spending a long day with "The Man from Gleggery," whose author I used to know well, high a score of years ago. "Gleggery" is so real a place to some of you, so real, and the man is also so real that he is scarce like a "paper" man at all. This is one of the books for which one sort of critic is always shouting—a real book of the soil, with a distinctly Canadian taste and some of the virility and swing of the localities; some of us saw but a short time ago the timber and the lumbermen, swart and big, going their journey down the "Hottawa," as the man from Gleggery went, which makes the strong word pictures all the more vivid and fascinating. And just here, where nearly two decades ago the author and I met, in the darkness of a night stage drive in very unattractive weather, I have met the child of his pen, the man of his fancy, and found him much to my liking. No wonder the staid kirk elders "sat up" at the first few lurid chapters of the tale, and gentle Scottish wives said "Save us a!" as they read, half-scared, the strong-tinted scenes of fight and fury which show men from Gleggery before they are tamed, and undergoing later, on their discipline. It is such a wild, awful, true yarn, though, that it comes like the whipping salt spray on one's face after the scent of Oriental bath or the indoor tepid water of one's ablutions. Half a dozen strong, purposeful scenes are in it, quite enough to wade through a large book for, and there is much that has made my day most pleasant with "The Man from Gleggery." It reads well here, in quiet rural parts, far from trolleys and asphalt, with the wind whispering through the pines and the sun glinting over the bare branches of the orchard as if to say "Bless us! December, and no snow yet!" I am glad to find the book here, in the old home, and to remember that the writer of the story used to bide just across the corner, in the old, old days!

To-day as I sat reading in the south-west window I heard the tiniest little rustling noise, and promptly got up on the first chair. You know why! You, at least, who wear petticoats. But the rustling was up among the windowpanes, and cautiously as might be I peeped with a calm courage behind the blind, and there I saw a new-born butterfly—a great lovely creature with wings of gold and brown and mottled spots, as if it were June. There was something pathetic in her beauty and her dainty flutterings, for one knew that she had no business to be happening along when nothing was ready for her—neither flowers, nor sunshine, nor balmy breath to welcome her! She has gone to sleep on the sash, and when I go to see how she is getting on she wakes and waves her lovely wings languidly at me, and I'm infinitely bothered with the thoughts she arouses of all the lovely lives that have gone out untimely, of all the pretty plans that have "gone agley," of every blighted hope and futile wish. Such come back when one sees the hapless late-born exquisite butterfly of December, drowsily waving her wings, and coming to her being only to die under too hard conditions. Above all, she has reminded me of the infinite tragedy that one sometimes meets, when the soul of a woman awakes too late to sanctify her body. Poor doomed December butterflies!

"Don't you think," says a carper, "that our women spend too much time and money upon dress? I see that you uphold the vulgar practice of judging women by their clothes." Now the fates forbid that I should be so unchristian and silly! If one judged some of the women I know by their clothes ten years at hard labor wouldn't be an inadequate punishment. Many a time I wonder how they dare wear, not any clothes, but their clothes! And some of those clothes which only accent the bad points of the wearers cost mints of money. The good Creator seems to have made some homely persons quite blind to their defects, if one judges

them by their clothes, some quite careless of their neighbors' nerves, others quite callous in the matter of colors, many and many an one quite indifferent to his own best points. No, indeed, I cannot dare judge my neighbors by their clothes, for sometimes the just sentence would be severe. Thirty days for a Devonshire hat worn over a snub nose doesn't seem at all inadequate; or three months for a badly-cut gown on a perfect figure, an extra heavy punishment. Ah! no; it will never do to judge one's neighbors by their vagaries in apparel, though indeed I think my correspondent means to "value" rather than "judge" them. All the same, my good friend, beautiful, becoming and suitable clothes give their wearer such an advantage in many eyes that their power is one of the things a woman may well take into serious consideration.

Here are two bits of letters which came to me a few days ago: "Dear Lady Gay—Do you think a servant girl is entitled to company in her home, and will you write something about the places where it is not allowed? I have a beau, and if he asks me I shall say yes—which means I like him, and won't take a place where he cannot come and see me. Also, will you say if you think servants should be made to come to prayers if they don't want to. I am housemaid in the house of a reverend minister." And here is another: "Dear Lady Gay—I am a servant girl, and I don't aspire to be a shoddy lady. There are plenty more of my sort. Why do writers say there are only wash ladies and scrub ladies? I think it is mean to us who are contented with our work and station. I've been in two places in ten years. My first mistress died, and the house was broken up." There is a good deal more to both these letters, but the parts I have quoted seem sensible remarks from very moderate human creatures. Personally, I cannot see any objection to respectable company, nor can I imagine why a young woman should be compelled to attend family prayer if she doesn't want to. But in the house of the minister it is the rule, and it certainly won't hurt her to obey it. As to the second letter, I don't think it is quite in the usual tone, but its admirable sense appeals to me, and I am sure a great many will join me in hoping that there are indeed plenty more of the same sort of servants as the writer.

Oh! the busy time before Christmas for you who have families and friends galore to give to and receive from! There is going to be a lot of giving this season, for times are good and money is circulating and the outlook is bright. And there will be the anxious plotting to entrap a suggestion of what the dear one needs or prefers, and the giving of things that no one could possibly want, and the practical and sternerly master-of-the-fact gifts of a cheque, and the ridiculous and exasperating gifts of the careless and thoughtless ones, and the very thing one wants from the tactful and observant, and the unexpected gifts, so delightful and cheering, and the quaint gifts, and the ugly gifts, and the gifts that bring heart messages in dainty stitch and fold, of love's labor that cannot be bought. These are the royal gifts that come warm from the heart and hand, no matter how humble, and which one gives thanks for with kisses. LADY GAY.

Baby's Health.

The Teething Period Dangerous to Little Ones and Very Trying to Mothers.

What mother does not look forward with dread to the time when baby shall be teething? At that time baby is restless, feverish and irritable, and frequently there is some disorder of the bowels and stomach. The poor little sufferer is fighting one of his first battles in this old world of pain, and if not aided in his fight may be overcome. Every wise mother helps the little sufferer as much as she can, and the mothers who have been most successful in this respect have found that Baby's Own Tablets give just such assistance as the little one needs. Mrs. W. J. Wright, Brockville, says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets quite frequently, and am much pleased with them. I find them especially satisfactory during baby's first year. I have used them in teething, in vomiting, in colic, in indigestion, and in the disorders of the stomach and bowels usually accompanied by restlessness and fever. The action of the Tablets has always been all that could be desired."

Baby's Own Tablets are a sweet, pleasant little lozenge that all children will take readily. They can be crushed or dissolved in water and administered with safety to even the youngest infant. Guaranteed to contain no opiate or any of the poisonous stuffs that make the so-called soothing medicines dangerous to little ones. If you do not find Baby's Own Tablets at your drugist's send 25 cents to the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and a box will be sent you by mail postpaid.

A Lay of Ancient Rome.

Oh! the Roman was a rogue,
He erat, was, you bettumm;
He ran his automobiles;
And smoked his cigarette;
He wore a diamond stud;
An elegant cravat;
A maxima cum laude shirt,
And such a stylish hat!

He loved the luscious hic-hac-hock,
And bet on games and equi;
A times he won; at others, tho,
He got it in the neck;
He winked (quo usque tandem?)
At puellas on the Forum.
And some hand of a school girl under
Those goo-goo ocularum!

He frequently was seen
At combats gladiatorial,
And ate enough to feed
Ten boarders at Memorial;
He often went on spree,
And said, on starting homus,
"Hic labor-opus eat,
Oh, where's my hic-hic-domus?"

Altho he lived in Rome—
Of all the arts the middle—
He was (excuse the phrase)
A good fellow in the mood;
Ah! what a different thing
Was the homo (dative, hominy)
Of far-away N. C.
From us of Anno Domini.

—Harvard "Lampoon."

STOPS THE COUGH AND WORKS OFF THE TOLD.
Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

AT EASIER PRICES

Accordion, Knife and Fancy Pleating, Hem-stitching, Coring; Tucking of all descriptions, at moderate prices.

Promptness combined with excellence in work. Information and prices by telephone or personally.

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Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Coupon. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

Bella.—This is not a very dominant, but a pleasant and kindly character, with taste for the beautiful and an honest, practical and conscientious nature. Writer is generally free from impetuosity and haste, and is as deliberate in thought as in action, pretty fairly discreet, but not at all secretive. A good deal of sympathy and some variability in purpose are discernible. A very fair idea of the correct form of speech. 2. Your writing shows a good deal of force and some self-assertion. I think you love to rule, and would impose systems of order and consideration from those about you. You are adaptable, idealistic, sometimes pessimistic and tenacious. There is originality in your lines, which may be a foreign flavor. I think you are not fond of detail, and find concentration difficult.

Toby.—Ah, come now, sir, are you wife, maid or widow? And tell me, I tell! A man who has to work twelve to fifteen hours a day should become an Anarchist. It's too long, my good Toby. It must have been your Saturday half-holiday on which you wrote me that fine long letter, was it not? I am very proud of your comparison; that dame is a great admiration of mine as well as a very dear friend. The man I don't know at all, in any capacity. Your writing shows thought and sympathy, light and tact, and ambitious ideas. It is a generally rather susceptible hand, adaptable and somewhat philosophical. If you were presented with this world's joys and sorrows on the 22nd of February, you are just on the division between Aquarius and Pisces, neither of them very commanding signs, but very lovable, rarely attaining great heights, owing to lack of self-confidence and want of ambition. And so you'd like very much to make my acquaintance (with three exclamations points). Well, you must agree not to talk education to me, especially if you pronounce Canada, and I'll agree to women's friendship, and some of them would relish you greatly. I'm not so sure I would Toby. Your second letter just received; will answer next week.

A Skeptic.—You are very positive and very tenacious. The concentration and extra care to be right in your hand of much of its breadth and scope. You are open to influence through sentiment and practical in method. I think you would be persistent and gain your end by sheer perseverance. You think clearly and consecutively, and have hopeful views of life. For the rest, you will never rob yourself to benefit your fellow, nor trust said fellow further than you see him.

Ketta.—We all read interesting books while we lounge about other things waiting to be done. Beyond a decided pessimism and very pronounced immaturity, I see little to remark in your writing, which is just the hand of a school girl under sixteen years of age. I think you might judge very correctly a certain type of character, but it would be on very material lines. I don't think you'd stand the psychological points, you show so little inspiration.

Kasey.—Great ambition and buoyancy show in this writing, a dominant and constant will, a good deal of self-reliance and independence of thought. You are frank almost to indiscretion, and very honest and truthful in disposition. Don't tell all you know, Kasey, dear; then the other fellow will be as wise as you, and you'll be behind-hand in politeness. Play your hand is formed, and a very clever hand it is!

The Monk.—No, I don't think you will have any difficulty in getting a suitable salary, especially if you like lots of company, but let me give you a tip. The fresh young man from the country isn't always welcome in city coteries. If you will send me a stamped and addressed envelope I will enclose you the addresses of three or four pensions where you might apply for board. In most of these you will be asked for references, so you had better provide yourself.

Ora, pro Nobis.—Arrah, go on with you! No, I don't think any of those things are sinful. When I have plenty of oat, I bet on the races—and win a little; when I am "stony" I do not indulge in such risky amusement, when I win well and thrifty I take a glass of lager, or two, if it's good; when I get a nice partner I dance, and I just love it. When I am obliged to be polite, I play cards, but only when it's whist do I en-

joy it. So, you see, I do all the vile, wicked abominables, and I guess you'd better pray for me, old man! Just stop howling and listen to the music of happy humanity!

Novice.—Never had time to learn golf; pay my fees to the club and hope the money is well invested, but sadly doubt it. Your writing shows refinement, determination, good sequence of ideas, some sentiment, conservative taste, impulse and vital force. The judgment isn't quite perfect, but ambition to excel is huge. All the impulses are upward and onward.

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Wrinkles and crow's feet can be easily effaced by scientific Face Massage Treatment here at our Parlors, or they can be removed by any lady herself at her own home with

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No lady should be without these wonderful aids to beauty. Send for price-list of our marvelous face preparations. Faceli Cream banishes pimples. Freckles, used in conjunction with La Beaute Bleach, cures the worst case of freckles. Advice free—personal or by letter—confidential.

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RECOGNIZED AS THE LEADING Hotel and Restaurant of the City. The appointments and service are thorough up-to-date, and the location is one that insures for patrons bright and airy rooms. Everything is new, and the fittings and furnishings are of the latest design. The Oriental wire-rooms and German furnishings in the restaurant give the hotel a continental reputation. The hotel and restaurant are under the direct supervision of the proprietor, E. H. CLANCEY.

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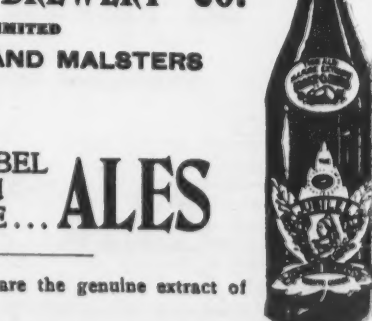
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THE DOMINION BREWERY CO. LIMITED
BREWERS AND MALSTERS
Manufacturers of the Celebrated

WHITE LABEL JUBILEE and INDIA PALE ALES

The above brands are the genuine extract of Malt and Hops.



Best Grocers Sell Windsor Salt.

The Inventor.

A SMALL man with blue eyes and shaking hands took the seat opposite me. I was not surprised to hear him call for absinthe.

"You are sitting at the table with an unrecognized genius," he said, without looking at me.

"So are you," I retorted. I was then a struggling art student in Paris.

"You laugh," he said, "but it is true. Your voice is sympathetic, and I will tell you."

"Thanks," I said.

"You are an artist, and have, undoubtedly, remarked the natural affinity of colors. White, for instance, is supposed to contain all colors."

He had hit on my favorite subject for discussion, and I leaned back prepared to listen.

"Have you observed," he asked earnestly, "that people with blue eyes have yellow hair?"

"The Irish," I answered, "have black hair and blue eyes. It's a beautiful combination."

"Yes, that's my point. I can change the color of the eyes."

"What?"

"You mix paints! You get green from yellow and blue! You make a color darker or lighter! You make black with red and purple! I do the same with eyes! A year ago I discovered an injection for the retina of the eye that would change its color. Suppose you have light gray eyes. I inject such a colored fluid as will make them black, blue—any color!"

I looked at his eyes. "They were a catfish green."

"My own eyes," he continued, "I tried to change to green as an advertisement. It was before I had perfected my invention, and I lost my sight. Tell me, are my eyes green?"

I became conscious that he had been gazing directly past me and had not looked at me once.

"You are blind?" I said.

"Entirely," he answered indifferently.

"But what matters it? I have perfected my invention. Had I a paltry five-franc piece I could make all the women in the world beautiful. Women are the power of the world. Ah, France, ma chère patrie, then shouldst thou rule the nations of the earth again!"

I handed him a five-franc piece.

"Your story is worth it," I remarked, "whether it be true or not."

He slipped the money into his pocket and turned to go.

"It's a loan," he said, over his shoulder. "You shall hear from me."

That evening I lounged in the Art Students' Club in a haze of smoke. I had found friends. Tobacco makes man confidential, and I told them my story while they puffed on their pipes in silence. Then each spoke in turn.

"I gave him five francs when I first arrived," said Rand.

"Sacre! I gave him ten," said Montjoie.

"Donnerwetter! and I gave him fifty," cried Becker.

"But is he really blind?" I asked.

"No," said Rand, "you were the blind one."

R. M. M. in the "Metropolitan."

Heartburn.

Heartburn is indigestion. The food, instead of being properly digested and assimilated, ferments, and lies in a sour, rotting mass in the stomach. The consequences are always unpleasant, and a great menace to all good health.

If not corrected, Heartburn culminates in Dyspepsia or Chronic Indigestion.

It is simply a warning which should be promptly heeded. Something should be done at once to correct the disordered condition of the stomach and digestive organs.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets are especially designed to cure all such weaknesses. They digest the food, allowing rest and recuperation to the stomach. They correct at once all derangements. They stimulate and strengthen the action of the liver and bowels. They tone up the system and obliterate every trace of Heartburn, Flatulency, Gas on the Stomach, Sour Stomach, or other symptoms of wrong digestive action.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets do more than relieve. They cure. Cure permanently and forever all Stomach Troubles.

They are 50c. a box, and are sold by all druggists.

Sufferers with Heartburn should lose no time in procuring a box of this remedy. It will cure, and by its prompt use you may yet avert the pains of Chronic Dyspepsia. However, if you have waited too long, and have already entered the final stages, don't despair. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets will cure you; but of course it is easier and cheaper to prevent than to cure.

Broke Down the Forests With Their Weight.

IN a chat about the ghosts of beasts that have succumbed during the past century, Grace Gallatin Seton-Thompson gives some astounding particulars of the former plentifulness of wild pigeons. Like the buffalo, she says, they were in such vast numbers that man as little thought they could be exterminated as himself, even with organized effort. Mr. Audubon has given a description of the remarkable roosting places of these birds in their palmy days. In one place on the banks of Green River, Kentucky, the pigeons came every night at sunset, arriving from every direction, some of them having traveled several hundred miles from their feeding grounds. This roost was forty miles long and over three miles wide, covering a portion of the forest where the trees were very large and thick. The pigeons had been roosting here for about two weeks when he saw it, and the ground over the whole extent was covered with dung several inches deep. Many trees two feet in diameter had been broken down as well as branches of the tallest and strongest trees. The forest seemed as if swept by a tornado, and everything gave evidence that the number of birds here collected was immense. An organized effort to destroy them was made by the community thus invaded. Armed with guns and poles, and provided with torches of pine-knots, a large number of persons went to the roosting

Your doctor will tell you

that the first thing needed to cure most all ailments is to get the stomach and bowels properly performing their required duties. Also that your system will be practically free from ordinary ills if you keep these organs in healthful action.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt

the perfect tonic-laxative, will do this for you. It will not only cure the constipated condition of your bowels but it also strengthens all the organs of digestion and prevents the return of such an unhealthy condition.

All druggists sell ABBEY'S EFFERVESCENT SALT, 25c. and 60c. a bottle.

grounds a little before sunset. The pigeons began to collect after sunset, their approach preceded, even when they were at a distance, by a noise like that of a hard gale at sea sounding in the rigging of a vessel. As the birds passed over him, they created a strong current of air. The birds arrived by thousands, flocks were lighted, and the slaughter commenced. Many were knocked down by the pole-men. In many cases they were bunched in such solid masses that several of the branches gave way and crashed to the ground, thus killing hundreds of birds. The confusion was indescribable. The destroyers kept at their work till after midnight, and still the birds continued to arrive. The noise made by the pigeons at their roost could be heard three miles away. As daylight approached the birds began to move off, and long before sunrise all those who were able to fly had departed. The dead and wounded were then collected and gathered into piles by the raiding party, to be destroyed. What wonder that such persistent slaughter produced in time the desired result.

Wilson gives another account of their breeding places, which differ from their roosting places in being of greater extent.

As soon as the young were fully grown, and before they left the nests, numerous parties of the country came with wagons, axes, beds, cooking utensils, and encamped for several days at this immense nursery. Several of them informed me that the noise in the woods was so great as to terrify their horses, and that it was difficult for a person to hear another speak without bawling in his ear. The ground was strewn with broken limbs of trees, eggs, and squab pigeons, which had been precipitated from above and on which herds of hogs were fattening. Hawks, buzzards and eagles were sailing about in great numbers and seizing the squabs from their nests at pleasure; while from twenty feet upwards from the tops of the trees the view through the woods presented a perpetual tumult of crowding and fluttering pigeons, their wings roaring like thunder: * * * the axemen were at work cutting down the trees that had the most nests, and they contrived to fell them in such a manner that in falling they might bring down several others, so that frequently as many as two hundred squabs were bagged at once.

Again the hogs! Think of the farmers actually turning their pigs on breeding grounds to feed on the young squabs that fell from the trees. I wonder what an Irish-bred sow would think if she were suddenly taken from her breakfast of mud and potato peelings to fatten on squab at lib.

To give an idea of the numbers of these birds, Wilson states that he witnessed a flight of them which he computed contained at a conservative estimate two thousand two hundred millions (2,230,272,000)! And yet this was but one flock of a race that twenty years ago bred in almost every quarter of what was then the United States.

Even in 1876 or 1877 a nesting of these birds occurred in Michigan which covered a space of twenty-eight miles long and between three and four miles wide. And now Mr. Frank M. Chapman says that the wild pigeon is so rare to-day that during the past sixteen years he has seen "only one pair."

A Woman's Plea For Man's Rights.

THE papers had a story the other day that the President had refused promotion to an army officer because he had jilted his fiancée. Whether this is true or not, it's interesting. The President is a chivalrous man, and whatever he did really do about the

officer's promotion, we may be sure that he condemned him for his ungallant behavior to the lady. Most men would condemn him. To go back on your best girl—especially when the wedding-cards are printed and the trousseau ready—is an offence few men would condone. Singularly enough, women—who are the sufferers by it—are very lenient to this infirmity of purpose.

I have often heard girls say, writes Josephine Bonner in the "Argonaut," that they would rather be jilted than married to a man who had lost his affection for them, and I think they told the truth. When Pope said every woman was at heart a rake he expressed his idea in coarse, eighteenth century English. What he meant to say was that every woman is at heart a sentimentalist. However fate and fortune may make her marry, she has her little dream of marrying for love. Presumably that she is a "nice girl," she would rather be left like Ariadne than go into the dark and unexplored places of matrimony with a man who no longer cared for her. I am inclined to think her respect for the man would not suffer much—might possibly increase—if he had the temerity to rise up and tell her he had made

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You can MAKE A LUNCH OF IT.

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You can STRENGTHEN THE INVALID WITH IT.

You can REVIVE YOURSELF WHEN TIRED WITH IT.

You can MAKE A DELICIOUS DISH OF ANYTHING YOU HAVE IN THE HOUSE WITH ITS HELP.

BECAUSE

BOVRIL contains all THE NOURISHMENT and THE FLAVOR of the Finest Lean Beef in the highest attainable form of CONCENTRATION.

a mistake and did not love her. Women have been doing this themselves since Pandora opened the box, and nobody blamed them. It was a lady's privilege to change her mind, and that settled it. Maybe we are beginning to feel that the privilege is a little one-sided, and that down-trodden man ought now and then to have a holiday when he, too, can have caprices and not know whether he loves Polly or Sally best.

There is another point in his favor which the men who condemn him do not consider—the courage it takes. It takes nerve to head a cavalry charge in battle, to stand up in a duel, to enter a burning building, but it is nothing to the nerve it must take to look a loving woman in the eye and tell her you don't care for her. Men have not been doing this for centuries as women have, and they do not really understand the fell horror of it. I have no doubt many have gone so far as the front door, or even the hat-rack in the hall, fully intending to break their fetters; then, at the sound of a foot on the stairs, a frown from skirts, have felt their courage oozing away, and decided a lifetime of living a lie was better than dealing one decisive, staggering blow. I don't know whether they were heroes, knaves, or fools—one often is confused in such decisions. Men, I think, would approve of them; women would be sentimentally harrowed, and in their hearts be just a little contemptuous.

The heroism of the situation would depend entirely on how the man acted for the next—say, twenty years. Anybody can be heroic for a moment; time is the test of the real thing. It would seem one of those noble, foolish actions, like the charge of the Light Brigade, which would be pitiful if they were not grand—to spend a lifetime living such a futile lie. It would be so little worth while, so little gain, for such a large expenditure of suffering. Whereas, if the man were not of the mould of heroes, let his wife see he had married her under protest, and that she bore him to death—what would be the gain then? Even if she had not a grain of pride, the woman could hardly be happy with such begrudged attentions and ungrateful companionship. As for the man, he would brood on his wrongs and bemoan his one moment of unselfishness, till a bear with a sore head would be an amiable companion compared to him. In the general distribution of new twentieth century privileges, I don't see why the right to change the mind in matters sentimental should not be now and then extended to the male of the species.

Enthusiastic Converts.

There are Thousands of Them Who Believe as This Woman Does.

Mrs. Ira Knowlton of Butte, Montana, is a most enthusiastic convert to the virtues of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets as a cure for obstinate stomach trouble. She says: "I had poor diges-



tion nearly all my life. It now seems to me that for years I never knew what it was to be hungry, to have a good natural appetite.

"I was troubled with gas in stomach, causing pressure on the heart, with palpitation and short breath. Nearly everything I ate soured on my stomach, sometimes I had cramps in the stomach which almost resembled spasms.

"Doctors told me I had catarrh of the stomach, but their medicines would not reach it, and I would still be a sufferer had I not, in sheer desperation decided to try Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

"I knew they were an advertised remedy, and I didn't believe anything I read about them, as I had no confidence in advertised remedies, but my sister living in Pittsburgh wrote me last spring, telling me how Stuart's Tablets had cured her little daughters of indigestion and loss of flesh and appetite, and I hesitated no longer.

"I bought a fifty-cent box at my drug store and took two of the large tablets after each meal, and found them delightful to take, being as pleasant to the taste as caramel candy. Whenever during the day or night I felt any pain or uneasiness in the stomach or about the heart I took one of the small tablets, and in three weeks it seemed to me as if I had never known what stomach trouble was.

"I keep Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets in the house and every member of our family uses them occasionally after a hearty meal, or when any of us have a pain or ache in the digestive organs."

Mr. E. H. Davis of Hampton, Va., says: "I doctored five years for dyspepsia, but in two months I got more benefit from Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets than in five years of the doctor's treatment."

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets is not a rest as well as the simplest and most convenient remedy for any form of indigestion, catarrh of stomach, biliousness, sour stomach, bloating after meals, sympathetic heart trouble.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets is not a cheap cathartic, but an active digestive remedy, containing the pepsin and diastase which every weak stomach lacks, and they cure stomach troubles because they digest the food eaten and give the weak, abused, overworked stomach a chance to rest and recuperate.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are sold in every drug store in the United States, Canada and Great Britain.

Easy Indifference.

"Why did we arrive late and leave

Owes Its Existence

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One taste of

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Ceylon Tea captures and holds the taste of all giving it a trial.

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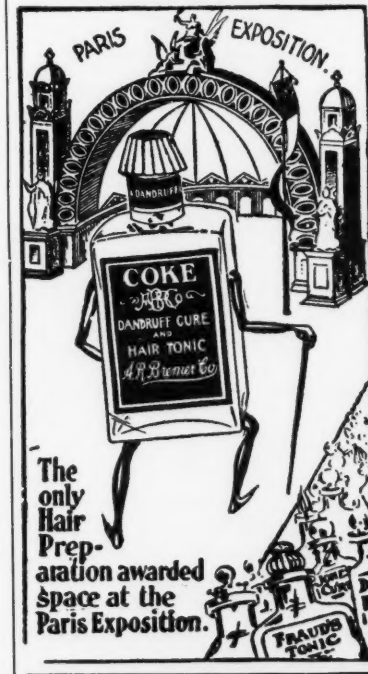


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SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUIT

Makes:

OYSTER PATTIES—One quart oysters, 8 Shredded Wheat Biscuit, pint milk, 4 level tablespoons entire wheat flour, 4 level tablespoons butter, 1 teaspoon scraped onions, 1 cup oyster liquor, salt and white pepper. With sharp-pointed knife cut an oblong cavity in top of biscuit 1 inch from sides and ends. Remove top carefully, then all inside shreds, forming a shell. Sprinkle with salt, dust with pepper and put a small piece of butter in bottom. Pick over the oysters and fill the shells, season with salt, pepper, and put in buttered pan. Dip the oblong tops lightly in the oyster liquor, cover the oysters, put bit of butter on top, cover the pan, and bake in quick oven 25 minutes. Serve with white sauce made from the milk, oyster liquor, flour, butter, 1 tea-spoon salt, and 1 tea-spoon scraped onion.

SHREDDED WHEAT For Sale by all Grocers.

A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE

Corticelli

SPOOL SILK SAVES 99.

before the opera was over?" asked the youngest daughter; "it was very enjoyable." "Of course it was," answered Mrs. Cumrox, "but, my dear, we had to show people that we didn't care whether we got our money's worth or not."—Washington "Star."

Our Bottled Ales are not carbonated—they are brewed from the finest malt and hops only, are fully matured in wood and bottle and are therefore pure and wholesome as well as mellow and delicious.

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The success attained in the short time this Ale has been before the public is unprecedented

A single trial will convince.

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TORONTO, CANADA



"Are you looking for work?"
"Looking! I should say so! In these troublous times a feller has to keep his eyes peeled for work or he'll run right into it."

Music.

THE choir of the Broadway Methodist Tabernacle, under the direction of Mr. E. R. Doward, gave a very attractive programme of music on Tuesday evening to a large audience. The soloists were Mr. Harry Rowe Shelley of New York, organist, and Miss Ella Walker, soprano. Special interest was manifested in this the first appearance of Mr. Shelley, who has the reputation of being one of the leading organists on this continent. His principal numbers were Bach's Fantasia and Fugue in G minor, the Largo from Dvorak's New World Symphony, a fantasia on Carmen, and Berlioz's Rakoszy March. He showed himself an accomplished performer on the instrument, his work on both manuals and pedals being clear-cut, as was sufficiently demonstrated in the Bach number. Miss Ella Walker sang two solos with much felicity of expression, and was particularly successful in her first number, Father in Heaven, by Robaudi. The choir rendered several selections with a good volume of tone, and with hearty interest in their work.

On Thanksgiving evening many of the church choirs gave, in accordance with their usual custom, special concerts. The Central Methodist choir had the exceptional advantage of the assistance of Miss Julie Wyman, mezzo soprano, and Mr. Harold Jarvis, and with such artists it is needless to say that a most enjoyable programme was given. Elm street Methodist choir, under the services of Mrs. Burton Fletcher, the popular Buffalo elocutionist, and Miss Evelyn de Latre Street, the well-known solo violinist. The quartette of the choir, consisting of Miss Mawhinney, soprano; Miss Florence Macpherson, alto; Mr. Allan B. Fisher, baritone; and Mr. W. J. A. Carnahan, tenor, also contributed to the programme with great credit to themselves in solo and ensemble numbers. Mrs. Fletcher won a great triumph in her humorous numbers, among which may be mentioned Fraser's Friday night. In school, where her power of mimicry was well in evidence. Miss Street played the violin with more than her usual brilliancy and distinction of tone. At the Massey Hall more than two thousand people assembled at the concert of the Royal Templars of Temperance. A varied but popular programme was contributed by the band of the 19th Grenadiers, Miss Beverly Robinson, Mrs. Maclellan, Mr. H. Ruthven Macdonald, Mr. James Fax and Miss Marietta La Bell, elocutionist. The audience were exceedingly satisfied, as was evidenced by the numerous encores and the enthusiastic applause throughout.

The benefit concert given for Mr. Josef Klepach, violinist, in the College of Music Hall, Toronto Junction, on Thanksgiving night was poorly attended, but a most attractive programme was presented. Mr. Klepach gave three violin numbers, proving himself to be a skilled player with temperance. The piano numbers by Miss Edith Mason, a talented pupil of Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, showed brilliant execution and musical taste. Mr. Walter Hahn, tenor, delighted the audience with two numbers, and received a double encore. Other numbers were acceptably given by pupils of Mr. Arthur Blight. The College of Music enjoys the distinction of having the first pipe organ in the Junction. The organ is to be opened on December 10, in the College hall, 18 Dundas street west.

A sacred concert will be given by the choir of Parkdale Methodist Church on the evening of December 9, under the direction of Mr. A. B. Jury, organist and choirmaster. A choice programme of mixed male and female choruses, also mixed and male quartettes, is being prepared. The choir will be assisted by Miss Ducker, violinist.

The Buffalo "Commercial" of November 19, in its notice of the St. Andrew's Society concert, says: "A noteworthy feature of the entertainment was the singing of several Scottish songs by Miss McLean Mackenzie of Toronto. She has a beautiful voice of great power. Most of her selections were the vigorous martial songs of Scotland, such as few women attempt, but her voice was fully equal to them and she fairly electrified her audience."

Mr. T. E. Cornyn, who has been directing the tour of Miss Pauline Johnson and Mr. J. Walter McRaye, has severed his connection with these artists and is at present visiting friends at 228 Jarvis street. He will probably make a tour of Western Canada this winter with some well-known concert attractions.

Mr. W. E. Haslam, formerly of Toronto and now of Paris, France, has recently brought out a new singer. The correspondent of the New York "Musical Courier" writes: "Miss Esthon, a young singer of whom excellent things are expected, has this summer been singing with much success at the fashionable resorts of St. Malo, Faramé, etc. Miss Esthon is barely eighteen, and is a pupil of the teacher Haslam, of Paris, who predicts a successful career for her, and is being specially trained by him for opera and concert. The singer is an accomplished musician, having, like Sembrich, appeared when a child as a pianist, and sings in English, French and Italian. She will shortly make her appearance in Paris, and it is intended that she shall sing later in London."

The many admirers of Mr. W. H. Hewlett of Dundas Center Church, London, will be glad of the opportunity to hear him in the capacity of solo organist at the Trinity Methodist Church, on Monday, December 16, when the choir, under Mr. Kirby's direction, will hold a service of praise. They will also have the assistance of Mrs. Eva Roblyn, soprano, of London, Mr. A. L. E. Davies, baritone, and Miss Edith C. Miller, organist.

The programme of music rendered at the Ionic Musicale last Tuesday evening was a great treat to the large audience present. The choir, under the direction of Mr. Adam Dockray, sang four times on the programme, two of the numbers being Dudley Buck's intricate setting of "Robin Adair" and Sullivan's "Lost Chord," arranged for male choir. Singing by the encores received, the judging of the choir was much appreciated. Mr. Dockray him-

self sang "The Death of Nelson," and although the last number on the programme, the audience insisted on an encore. Miss Verna Kennedy sang "Love, the Pedlar" with full appreciation of the humor of the words and brightness of the music. Little Miss Lina Craine pleased much by her sweet voice and quiet manner and won all hearts by her singing of an Irish Folk Song as an encore. Miss Howe has a dramatic contralto voice of much power and scored a success on Ardit's Waltz song, "Il Bacio." Mr. H. R. Ranks sang a patriotic song and had to repeat it. Miss Dockray, solo soprano of Bloor street Presbyterian church, sang "A Song of Thanksgiving" by Allitsen, with much dramatic fire and, receiving a double encore, responded with "Rule Britannia" and "Home, Sweet Home." Miss McClelland, dramatic reader, scored a success in "The Boat Race," while little Frank Clegg pleased everybody by his sweet boy's voice. The accompaniments were played by Mr. Adam Dockray.

The second concert of the course being given by the Conservatory String Quartette takes place next Thursday evening, December 12, the quartette being assisted by Mr. R. Drummond, baritone; Mr. Napier Durand, pianist, and Mrs. H. M. Blight, accompanist. The concert numbers will be Dvorak's "American" Quartette, op. 56, and parts of the Rheinberger Quartette, with piano, and Schubert's string quartette in D minor. Although the place is well taken up, we understand there are some good seats still obtainable.

Miss Rena Theresa McCulloch, pupil of Mr. F. H. Torrington, will give a piano recital at the College of Music on Thursday evening, December 12. Miss Evelyn Millet, soprano, and Miss Ethel Carmichael, contralto, will be the vocalists of the evening, and readings will be given by Mr. H. N. Shaw, B.A. Cards may be obtained at the College.

There was a large audience in attendance at the first pupils' recital of the present season in the Conservatory Music Hall on Saturday evening last, when an interesting programme was given, including Schuetz's Romance in G flat and Bozelli's Menuet e' Arioso in C minor, Schumann's Nachtsuecke, op. 23, No. 4, and Brahms' Hungarian Dance, No. 7; Sinding's Marche Grotesque, Fruhlingsrauschen from op. 32, Paganini-Liszt's La Campanella, Schumann's Faschingsschwank aus Wien (first movement), Grieg's Sarabande and Rigaudon from "Holberg Suite," and other piano numbers by Schuetz, Heller, Lavalée, and Rubinstein. The vocal numbers included Saint-Saens' My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice, Bohn's Calm as the Night, Horatio Parker's The Last Now Leaves His Watry Nest, and Adams' Island of Dreams. The pupils taking part were Misses Eugenie Quehen, A.T.C.M.; Helena G. Mitchell, A.T.C.M.; Edith Mason, Ethel A. DeNure, Mary K. Hagarty, Mollie O'Donoghue, Marjorie Fitz-Gibbon, Mae Keating, Mrs. Harold Clark, and Mr. Frank Austen (piano). Misses Pauline Ockley, Mina Phillips, Agnes Curran and Janet Laidlaw (vocal).

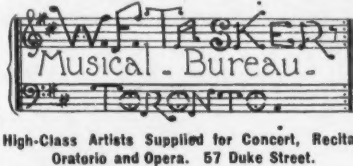
Miss Jessie MacLachlan, the great Scottish soprano; Miss Edna Louise Sutherland, reader, and Mr. George Fox, violinist, are booked the entire week of December 8, under direction of Mr. W. Spencer Jones of Brockville, in Perth, Lanark, Arnprior, Almonte and Brockville.

Mr. W. Spencer Jones of Brockville is bringing out from England for the months of February, March and April next Mr. Hirven Jones, the eminent English tenor, for appearances in oratorio and recital. Mr. Hirven Jones is the principal tenor at the following great festivals: Worcester, Leeds, Hereford, Cardiff, Exeter, Chester and Gloucester; also at the Queen's Hall, St. James' Hall and Albert Hall concerts. The "St. James' Gazette" of a late issue says: "Mr. Hirven Jones is gradually getting to be one of the first tenors of the day. His fine voice and expressive style were very effective in songs by Goring Thomas and Sterndale Bennett."

Mr. Watkin Mills, the eminent English basso, who comes to America in April, is at present on a seven weeks' tour with Madame Alice Estey, the renowned prima donna soprano; Miss Marian Mackenzie, contralto, and Mr. James Leyland, the tenor. They are presenting Miss Liza Lehmann's song cycle, "The Daisy Chain," and a miscellaneous programme. The Lancaster "Observer" of November 1 says: "Mr. Watkin Mills thrilled the audience by his rendering of the air 'She Alone Charmeth My Sadness' from Gounod's 'La Reine de Saba,' and his singing of Monk Gould's 'The Curfew' evoked tumultuous applause." It is the intention of Mr. Jones to take Mr. Watkin Mills out to the Pacific coast.

The Toronto Humane Society were fortunate in securing for their annual meeting the services of Miss Frances World, soprano; Mr. Paul Hahn, cellist, and Miss Hattie Morse Ham-bourger, elocutionist. Miss World sang Denza's "Star of My Heart" and "You" with her accustomed ease and finish. Miss Hambourger, a new comer in Toronto, showed great skill in her numbers. Miss Reid played the accompaniments with much taste.

Mr. William Buckley, pupil of Mr. Norman W. Andrews of Brantford Conservatory of Music, gave an organ recital on Monday evening of last week at the College of Music. The programme was an enjoyable one, and Mr. Buckley proved himself master of keyboard and pedals throughout. The numbers were: "Toccata and Fugue," D minor (Bach); "Carillon" (Lange); "Pastoral," first sonata, op. 42 (Gullmunt); "Emperor's Hymn," with variations (Chipp); "Bim-plicity," song without words (Buckley); "March in G" (Buckley); "Pilgrims' Chorus," from Tannhauser (Wagner-Liszt); "Grand Overture," C minor (Battiste); and "Overture," William Tell (Rossini-Buck). Miss Florence Walton, vocalist, of the evening, sang in good voice Brahms' "Little Dustman" and "Parla," by Ardit. Mr. Charles Eggett was a very efficient accompanist. An appropriate reading, "The Volunteer Organist," was given by Mrs. Clara Cornyn. CHERUBINO.



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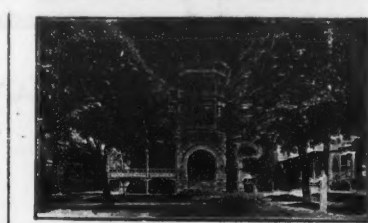
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A decorative lamp with a glass globe and a metal base. The globe is ornate with a central knob and a small handle. The base is a tall, slender metal column with a flared top and a small handle on the side. It sits on a square, dark-colored base.

A detailed line drawing of a high-top ice skate, specifically a 'TUBE HOCKEY SKATE'. The skate is shown from a side profile, facing right. It has a high, padded ankle collar with a small bow at the back. The side of the boot is labeled 'ADFISHER SPECIAL'. The sole of the skate is a single, continuous piece, labeled 'TUBE HOCKEY SKATE' and 'PATENTED' at the heel. The blade is visible at the bottom. The entire illustration is enclosed in a rectangular border.



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and is quite the privilege to record dance without the prefix "young people's," which has been so often employed this season, and assuredly the young people were not more cared for and better amused than their elders at that most delightful dance which was given on Wednesday evening. The largest and most hospitable hotel in College street, Mrs. Shoenberger was assisted by her daughters, Miss Biggar, a recent bride, and Miss Taylor. In all particulars the dance was well done, and the profusion of beautiful flowers, with the very artistic arrangement of the supper table was admired on all sides. Golden mums and vases were used, with primrose tulle and ribbons to complete a lovely design. The gowns were smart and their wearers looked their best, the fathers and mothers enjoying, perhaps, more than their own participation in the "young folks' winter," as one sometimes hears the present season designated.

A black and white illustration of a woman in a dark, high-collared jacket and a large, ornate hat. She is holding a small object in her hand. The style is reminiscent of early 20th-century fashion illustrations.

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A black and white photograph of a palm tree in a pot, with a small fern in the foreground. The palm tree has several long, feathery fronds that are spread out in all directions. The pot is dark and sits on a surface. In the foreground, there is a small, dark, bushy plant, possibly a fern, which is partially obscured by the pot. The background is plain and light-colored.

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Deaths.

Macvicar—Dec. 1, Chatham, John Gray
Macvicar, aged 24.

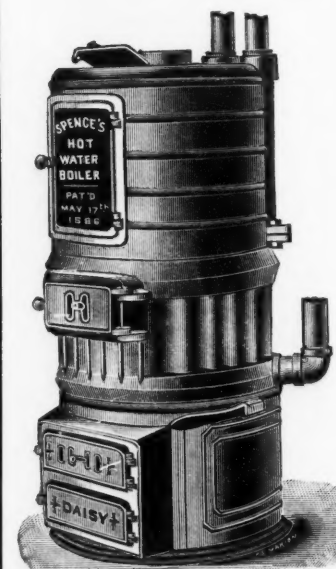
Allen—Dec. 2, Toronto, Jane Harris Al
len, aged 83.

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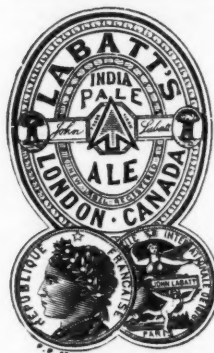
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THE traveler on the plains in the early days soon learned the significance of the smoke of smoke that he sometimes saw rising from a distant ridge or hill, and that in turn he might see answered from a different direction. It was the signal talk of the Indians across miles of intervening ground, a signal used in rallying the warriors for an attack, or warning them for a retreat if that seemed advisable. The "Star Monthly" describes some of the signals and their meaning: The Indian had a way of sending up the smoke in rings or puffs, knowing that such a smoke column would at once be noticed and understood as a signal, and not taken for the smoke of some camp-fire. He made the rings by covering the little fire with his blanket for a moment and allowing the smoke to ascend, when he instantly covered the fire again. The column of ascending smoke rings said to every Indian within thirty miles, "Look out! There is an enemy near!" Three smoke rings close together meant danger. One smoke merely meant attention. Two smoke meant "Camp at this place." Travel the plains, and the usefulness of this long-distance telephone will at once become apparent.

Sometimes at night the settler or the traveler saw fiery lines crossing the sky, shooting up and falling, perhaps taking a direction diagonal to the lines of vision. He might guess that these were the signals of the Indians, but unless he were an old-timer he might not be able to interpret the signals. The old-timer and the squaw man knew

that one fire-arrow, an arrow prepared by treating the head of the shaft with gunpowder and fine bark, meant the same as the columns of smoke puffs—"An enemy is near." Two arrows meant "Danger." Three arrows said imperatively, "This danger is great." Several arrows said: "The enemy are too many for us." Thus the untutored savage could telephone fairly well at night as well as in the day.

An Old Letter.

A WHOLESALE merchant of Philadelphia, in looking over old papers and records, recently came across an interesting document. It was a letter of instruction sent forty years ago by a merchant in St. Louis to his agent in San Francisco. He thus describes it in the Philadelphia "Times":

"It related to the disposal of a lot of goods which had been shipped by way of Cape Horn, and although it contained over fifteen thousand words and a copy of a good-sized invoice, it was written on just two sheets of paper."

"The paper itself is a sort of tough, opaque tissue, very thin and light, and when folded the letter slips easily into an envelope three inches wide."

"Why it was gotten up in such a peculiar style is explained by the stamp on the corner, which is one of the old 'pony express' series, embellished with a picture of a man on horseback, spurring at a gallop across the plains."

"I knew, of course, that the Pacific mail of that period was carried by relay express riders, but I never before

realized what great pains were taken to reduce the weight to the lowest possible point. I am told that the letters were stored in little flat pouches under the flaps of the saddle, and that they were usually written on a specially prepared tissue."

"The one I have described must have occupied an expert clerk several days, for the penmanship, while microscopic, is beautifully executed, and as clear and legible as print."

"The stamp is of the denomination of fifty cents, and, taken altogether, it would be hard to find a more striking reminder of the astonishing progress that has been made in this country in a trifle over one generation."

"Everything about the little brown letter speaks of dangers, difficulties, and rude, primitive conditions. It is difficult to realize that the route it traveled is now the great highway of a thousand rushing trains, bearing the transcontinental commerce of the nation."

The Reason.

STREET and park and boulevard were bare and ugly and dusty. Winter looked upon them and pitied.

"What a miserable city!" he said. "How desolate it must feel, abandoned thus in turn by spring and summer and fall. I will be kind to it, poor thing."

Forthwith he sent a mantle of marvelous white to clothe its nakedness. Where once had been emerald was now pearl—and the pearl was the more beautiful.

But alas for the fairy cloak! Instantly, householder and janitor, cobbler and merchant, painter and poet, sallied out with shovels and brooms and hurled it from their premises; great plows slashed it, and ground it into the dirt; thousands of dollars were spent in carting it away, and dumping it into river and ocean and vacant lot; chimneys spread their black spume over it; women lifted high their skirts to avoid touching it; the populace seemed to hate it; only a few children acted pleased.

Within a very short space of time the city was dingy and grim and hideous, as before.

Winter was aghast. He tried again, and his effort gained the same reception.

"I declare!" he exclaimed in disgust, "this is enough to snap the patience of a saint!"

Straightway he withdrew to the Col-

Left Care Behind.

Dyspeptic, what would you give to be free? If you were once free, what would you take to go back to your slavery of sickness, pain, distress and despondency?

There is no price that a really sick man or woman would not give to be well again—the sum is limited only by the amount available. Many a millionaire would, if possible, cheerfully change places with his groom, gladly giving up his fortune with his pains and illness for the other's few dollars and the bounding good health which money cannot buy—and yet many a one-to-day is giving up his good health in order to accumulate wealth. Strange, isn't it?

But, Dyspeptic, there is at hand at this very moment a cheap and easy and perfect deliverance for you. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets will cure you. They are fifty cents a box, six boxes for two dollars and a half. All druggists sell them. They have already cured thousands of the worst cases right here in Canada. You can have plenty of evidence before you risk a trial purchase. Cures are reported every day in the newspapers. Here is a case in point. Ed. Gallagher of No. 139 York street, Hamilton, Ont., says:

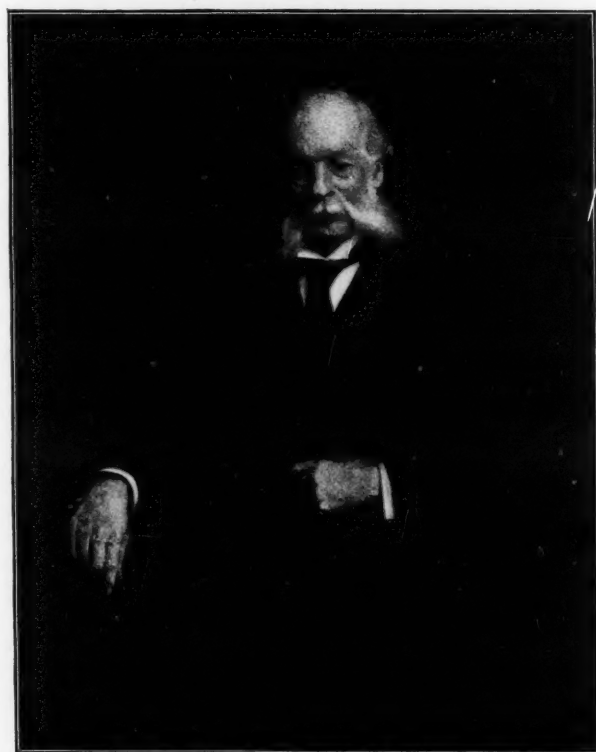
"For six years I suffered with Dyspepsia. My head ached, and everything I ate distressed me. It was horrible. I tried everything—hot water, dieting myself carefully, and all sorts of home remedies as well as prescriptions; I only got worse. I frequently was so bad that I had to quit work. At last I was led to use Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. They relieved me from the first, and I kept on till I was completely cured. I would not have that Dyspepsia back again for the world."

Now this is the unbiased statement of one man who was sick and is well. He knows Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets, and nothing else cured him; his experience should be a hint to every sufferer how to be cured.

You may leave your Dyspepsia behind you just now, if you will, for Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets will give you immediate relief and in a short time a permanent cure.

The Origin of a Name.

DR. GEORGE DAVIDSON of the University of California has been wondering for four years past how Cape Nome got its name. Geography is his special field, and it is his professional concern to know the wherefore of geographical names. But



PORTRAIT OF MR. W. R. BROCK, M.P.
(One of Mr. E. Wyly Grier's latest works)

orado gulches and had a fit, and did not come back. And annually the war goes up:

"Oh, why can't we have the real old-fashioned weather—the forty days of sleighing that our fathers knew?"—Edwin L. Sabin in "Life."

"Nome" beat him. He set to work to trace it back to its origin, and the earliest appearance he could find for it was in a British Admiralty chart of 1853. That led him to surmise that the cape was named by officers of the English frigates "Herald" and "Plover" during an expedition in search of Sir John Franklin. So he wrote to the Admiralty Office in London to enquire if there were any "Names" on the list of men who sailed in those vessels. The reply, recently communicated by Dr. Davidson to the "National Geographic Magazine," was that when the chart in question was first made, aboard the "Herald," attention was called to this point by the mark (?Name). The chart was sent home in a hurry, and the draughtsman who inked it made the mark read "C. Name." But he did not make his "a" distinctly, and the Admiralty hydrographer made it "C. Nome." And so Cape Nome the point has been ever since, and is likely to remain so until it gets rich enough to support a board of aldermen. Then its name will be changed, for that is one of the mischiefs that aldermen can be trusted to do.

Reciprocity Limited.

In May and June steamers laden with green peas and strawberries leave Britain daily for England. These are the spoils of the rich lands about Brest. After Fashoda and the Dreyfus affair, when an anti-English feeling was rampant, a grocer of this district, distinguished in his abuse of the British, denounced the whole race as "despicable preserve-merchants." "Why 'despicable preserve-merchants'?" someone asked. "Because they make the jams they sell to us. They have no sugar and no fruit. Despicable? Why, they take our sugar and our fruit, and they make us buy their jams!"

Ocular Demonstration.

"Mrs. Decollete, over there, puts every cent her husband makes on her back." "He's making very little, then."—Philadelphia "Press."

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An exhibition that will be looked forward to with interest is one which Miss Muntz will hold some time early in January. The pictures will consist entirely of children's portraits, in oil and water-color.

The alumni of Knox College some time ago decided to present their alma mater with a portrait of Rev. Dr. MacLaren. The commission was given Mr. J. W. L. Forster, and the manner in which he has executed it must give the committee cause to congratulate themselves on their choice. The picture shows Dr. MacLaren in his Oxford gown and divinity hood, and is a convincing portrait. Not only is the picture a good likeness, but the expression of the face gives one an insight into the nature of the man, and shows him in a mood genial yet thoughtful, and perhaps a bit quizzical.

Mr. Alward has established himself in one of the rooms of the old Technical School, in College street, and is going ahead with his work on the Simcoe statue. The place is particularly well adapted for work of the kind, as the statue, which in itself is nine feet high, would scarcely go into an ordinary room. The work is progressing very well. Mr. Alward, having overcome all the initial problems which arise in the construction of a figure of such a size, will soon be engaged with the finer points in the modelling, which really "make" the statue.

Mr. Challenger is at present engaged on two decorative panels for the new house of Mr. William Harris, lately built for him by Mr. Henry Simpson, architect. The panels which Mr. Challenger is painting are for mantels—one for the hall and the other for a sitting-room.

There has been quite an epidemic of auction sales of paintings lately. Week before last Townsend had a sale of C. J. Way's water-colors. There were 117 pictures put up, and the prices ranged from five to one hundred and thirty-seven dollars. The veteran artist, Mr. William Armstrong, sold over one hundred of his paintings by auction from Roberts' galleries. A sale which took place last week aroused considerable interest. A collection of paintings by Mr. George E. Colby of Chicago and Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith, R.C.A., were put under the hammer. The 125 pictures netted between seventeen and eighteen hundred dollars, with prices ranging from five to thirty-five dollars.

Mr. Knowles is busy just now with some canvases which we may hope to see at the spring exhibition. Among others he has a large oil started of the unloading of the herring catch at St. Ives, Cornwall, and a landscape which, though nowhere near completion, gives promise of something good. An uncompleted picture that at once attracts the eye of the visitor is a portrait of Mrs. C. Ward. With an ability to paint the beautiful and a model so exceptional, Mr. Knowles should secure a picture out of the ordinary.

A feature of Mr. Wyly Grier's studio which I have not noticed in any other is a collection of excellent photographs of his portraits. What makes the collection doubly interesting is the fact that so many prominent men figure in it. Among others I noticed Sir Sandford Fleming, K.C.M.G., Sir William Meredith, the late Hon. G. W. Allan, Hon. Edward Blake, K.C., M.P., Professor Goldwin Smith, Sir John A. Macdonald and Sir George Burton. A number of these pictures have been exhibited at the Royal Academy—a much coveted honor. A portrait which Mr. Wyly Grier has almost completed is that of Mrs. Wyld, and just beside it I noticed the portrait of Mr. Wyld which won a silver medal at the Pan-American. Mr. Grier has a number of other portraits on hand, to which reference will be made later.

An exhibition of pictures which will have more than ordinary interest will take place in Tyrrell's gallery next week. The public will be given an opportunity of seeing the originals of the drawings reproduced in the calendar of the Toronto Art League. The drawings illustrate Canadian sports and pastimes, and will well repay a visit to

Tyrrell's. The artists who will be represented include F. H. Bridgen, D. F. Thompson, C. W. Jeffreys, C. M. Manly, W. W. Alexander, A. H. Howard and R. Holmes.

The Camera Club announce the following fixtures for the month: Monday, December 9, Chestnuts; Monday, December 16, lecture by Mr. John Miller and rejected slides from the inter-change; Monday, December 23, criticism of slides from an artist's point of view, by Mr. A. Dickson Patterson; Monday, December 30, progressive eucha.

Mr. B. E. Walker gave his lecture on the early Italian painters on Thursday night. The lecture was attended by a large number of local artists and art enthusiasts, who enjoyed Mr. Walker's talk and excellent collection of slides immensely.

The Architectural Eighteen Club will hold an exhibition again this year, and, from their last year's effort, something really good is in store for all who are interested in their line of work. Last year the exhibits were principally of the plans and drawings of the architects. This year they will consist of photographs of the finished product, and will include some of the finest pieces of modern architecture. It is through its connection with the Architectural League of America that the club is able to hold such large and comprehensive exhibits, and during the coming exhibition the League will visit Toronto as guests of the Eighteen Club and hold their annual convention here. At this convention many of the leading practitioners of America will read papers on art, architecture, municipal improvement and architectural education.

A series of lectures which will interest many will be given at the Art School in connection with the class in architecture which is conducted by the Eighteen Club. The first of these lectures was given last Wednesday night by Professor Coleman on the geology of Toronto. The men who will continue the course include Mr. Gibson of the Department of Mines, on the material resources of Ontario, and Professor H. H. Wright of the School of Science, on the strength of materials.

Mr. J. W. Bengough is cartooning for the London "Chronicle." QUILLER.



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Books for the Holidays

If the domestic cat in general is an object of reprobation and brickbats, it is because a great many so-called domestic cats are hopelessly undomestic. The household sphinx excites strong antipathy or equally strong affection. Pussy has few lukewarm friends or half-hearted enemies. They are all violent partisans on one side or the other—loyal admirers or uncompromising foes. But there is really no reason why cats should be maltreated, harassed and kicked about even by those who see nothing likable in them—much less by those who pretend to an affection for them, but whose attentions are often frightfully out of place. Think of the thousands of kittens that are mauled and worried and huddled to emaciation by children. The rag doll whose sawdust vitals are heartlessly exposed to the weather, whose face and form are battered by the chubby hands and unruly feet of a whole nursery, gets off lightly compared with the average kitten or grown-up cat in the household where children disport themselves. What "Black Beauty" did for the horse and "Beautiful Joe" for the dog may be done for the cat by "Pussy Meow," the Autobiography of a Cat, by S. Louisa Patterson (Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.; Toronto: Musson Book

Company). The story of Pussy Meow is entertaining, and contains a good deal of instruction as to the care, the food, the comfort of domestic animals, worked in a pleasant and not too preachy manner. The volume is enlivened with about a dozen full-page half-tone illustrations. It should be a successful book at this season, when parents are in search of suitable things in that line for their little ones.

The New World has yielded to popular imagination no type so picturesque and attractive as the French-Canadian. His persistence in much of the most successful literature of recent years, from the novels of Gilbert Parker to the poems of Dr. Drummond, shows that in his character and exterior and in the curious, anachronistic civilization of which he is the exponent, there is an element of charm, as yet by no means worn threadbare. "A Daughter of New France," by Mary Catherine Crowley (Toronto: The Musson Book Company), is the most recent novel in which the French-Canadian looms large. To be sure it is not the French-Canadian of our day, the habitant speaking a patois, who marches to and fro in Miss Crowley's pages. The story takes one back to the strenuous, but for all that, stately days of the end of the seventeenth century and beginning of the eighteenth. It carries us into the very midst of the titanic struggle for possession of the New World—a contention in which Nature and the aborigine were not less important factors than the French and the English. "A Daughter of New France" has to do with the career of the gallant Sieur Cadillac and his colony on the Detroit. It purports to picture the society of French Canada, with its voyageurs, coureurs de bois, soldiers and gentlemen, its tender, loyal-hearted and courageous women. The author claims to have made a somewhat exhaustive study of the historical materials of the time, but the wayward spirit of romance is more in evidence in her pages than the stiff, judicial attitude of the historian. And on the whole it is well that this is so. For while it is right that historical truth should not be butchered in cold blood, as it has been by some of the writers of historic romance, it is equally true that a novel should be a novel and full of the transfiguring energy of imagination. Therefore it is scarcely necessary for the author to apologize, as she does, for her few lapses from probable or ascertained fact. The story is one that cannot fail of a hearty reception in Canada. Well illustrated, well printed and well bound, it is a goodly book to adorn a table after having delighted a mind.

Still another book setting forth French-Canadian character and life, but a very different book indeed from "A Daughter of New France," is "The Ruling Passion, Tales of Nature and Human Nature," by Henry Van Dyke (New York: Scribners; Toronto: Copp, Clark Company). These are a series of the most charming short stories—eight in all—at once as romantic and as very realistic. Perhaps Mr. Van Dyke's purpose and principles can best be made plain by repeating here, the "Writer's Request of His Master," a little credo or confession of faith in the form of a prayer, with which one is greeted on opening this volume of stories. It runs as follows:

"Lord, let me never tag a moral to a story, nor tell a story without a meaning. Make me respect my material so much that I dare not slight my work. Help me to deal very honestly with words and with people, because they are both alive. Show me that as in a river, so in a writing, clearness is the best quality, and a little that is pure is worth more than much that is mixed. Teach me to see the local color without being blind to the inner light. Give me an ideal that will stand the strain of weaving into human stuff on the loom of the real. Keep me from caring more for books than for folks, for art than for life. Steady me to do my full stint of work as well as I can; and when that is done, stop me, pay what wages Thou wilt, and let me say, from a quiet heart, a grateful Amen."

If there is anywhere a more concise, comprehensive and generally acceptable statement of the principles that go to the making of the best in fiction, the fact is not generally known. Like all Scribner's books, "The Ruling Passion" is rich, even sumptuous in materials and workmanship, throughout. The eight half-tone illustrations in tints, from drawings by W. Appleton Clark, are a delight to the eye of an artist.

"The Alien," by F. F. Montessor, is an interesting story of English life recently published here by George N. Morang & Co. (Limited). The interest of the tale circles round the personation of a long-lost and presumably dead and buried heir, by the illegitimate son of his mother, born a few years before her marriage to a rich old Englishman, and who turns up and is led by the mother to declare himself as her son, which of course is true, but in the sense in which her people understand it. To account for the queer plot she concocts, it might be noted that she adores her elder son, who is her image, and always detested her younger boy, who was a weak and vicious youth. The plot complicates itself with episodes in the past life of the personator, and the sympathies of the reader will probably go strongly to the rightful heir, the honest English Major, who is never for one moment deceived, and who finally unearths the truth and pays very dearly for his perseverance. There are some strong and weird touches in the tale, and the interest is well sustained.

A collection of Crockett tales entitled "Love Idylls" have been brought out this month. They are pretty, but rather crude, and do not add much to the name of their famous writer. A nice get-up, quiet and neat, is one of their claims to merit.

Rich in illustration and with a varied collection of articles, short stories and poems, the Christmas number of "Ainslee's Magazine" is especially interesting. The leading article, entitled "America in England," by Allen Sangre, is a study of the triumph of American business methods in British enterprises. The writer compares this movement to the return of the prodigal son, laden with a new set of tools, to improve the old farm. Senator Aldrich, the Most Influential Man in Congress, by L. A. Coolidge, is a very readable study of the personality of the leader of the Senate, and also a clear analysis of the wonderful congressional machine at Washington. In Remote Newfoundland, by Norman Duncan, formerly of Toronto, is the kind of special article that has all the value of news and all the impressiveness of a well-wrought work of fiction. The description of this stony country, where gardens and graveyards are painfully built by the hands of men, is illustrated with many unusually good photographs. Melba at Home, by William Armstrong, gives a delightful account of the home life of this great singer, which is illustrated with several new pictures. A striking poem, by Bliss Carman, entitled "A Forest Shrine," is the most notable poetic contribution to the Christmas Ainslee. In fiction there is a wide choice. Topics of the Theatre contain, as usual, a very attractive collection of photographs of theater people now prominent.

Horatio W. Dresser, the well-known author of The Power of Silence and many other works on advanced thought, forms the subject of a frontispiece portrait and biographic sketch in "Mind" for December, to which he contributes an article on The Philosophy of Adjustment. The recent "Confession" of Mrs. Piper, the famous spirit medium, concerning the nature of her strange powers, is considered by Joseph Steward, LL.M., and Editor John Emery McLean, whose conclusions are of interest in the light of the November symposium on Spiritualism. The first of a series of papers on Hindrances to World-Betterment, by Abby Morton Diaz, appears in this number; it is entitled Beliefs Concerning Human Nature. Frederic W. Barry of Toronto writes upon The Throne of Mastery, and Dr. T. F. Hildreth contributes an exquisite prose poem on Crucified Innocence. Many other interesting features are found in what must be considered an excellent number.

The Christmas number of "Scribner's Magazine" is especially notable for charming fiction and novel and effective art features. The old-fashioned Christmas story does not prevail. In its place has come the story of bright and cheerful social phases, delicate sentiment, wit and humor. In this number appear such authors as Thomas Nelson Page, F. Hopkinson Smith, William Henry Bishop and Arthur Cosslett Smith. Artistically this Christmas number contains many effective features. Maxfield Parrish, who has a place of his own among artists as a designer in color, furnishes the beautiful Christmas cover and in addition the frontispiece (printed in color) and other illustrations in black and white to accompany one of the stories. Castaigne, whose work is always full of vigor and imagination, illustrates a romantic episode in the career of Cleopatra—accompanying a poem by Benjamin Paul Blood, author of The Lion of the Nile. These are printed in color and are most effective. Another elaborate color-scheme is a reproduction of the beautiful pictures of childhood by Jessie Wilcox Smith accompanying a fanciful story by William Henry Bishop, the hero of which is an up-to-date toy who believes in the efficacy of a fairy wand and is not disappointed. The portraiture of real children is represented by the leading American artists, who have furnished their work to illustrate an article on that subject by Harrison S. Morris. Among the artists whose work is reproduced are Sargent, Alexander, Chase, Thayer, Lockwood, Brush and Miss Beaux. A stirring sea-story by A. Wing of the making of a pilot, is illustrated by Rutherford. It narrates how a burning ship was saved in New York harbor. Thomas Nelson Page, who knows the South thoroughly, pictures in a delightfully romantic vein the characteristics of an old Virginia Sunday as it was kept in his boyhood. Clinedinst sympathetically illustrates it. These are but a few of the many exquisite contributions in literature and art to the "Christmas Scribner's."

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By Ralph Connor, author of "Black Rock" and "Sky Pilot." "The great Northland, with its keen tonic of the forest air, its rushing torrents, its rough-hewn shanties and its rugged life, is here. The scenes are wild and pastoral by turns, the lumber camp and river alternating with the quiet home-life of the Highlanders of the fine old country of Glenary. The story itself is a magnificent effort, thrilling, inspiring and ennobling."

The Outcasts

By W. A. Fraser. With eight full-page illustrations by Arthur Heming. Cloth, \$1.50. Another of Mr. Fraser's masterly and inimitable animal stories. Again our author introduces us to the wild life of the North-West. Shag, the great-hearted Buffalo bull, and A'tim the skulking vagabond, half wolf, half Huskie dog, are the strangely assorted comrades following whom the story leads us over the prairie trails or skulking in the willow cover of the flat lands. The book comes opportunely, just in time for Christmas, and Shag and A'tim are sure to be popular with young and old for holiday reading.

The Making of a Marchioness

By Frances Hodgson Burnett. Cloth, illustrated, \$1.25. Author and illustrator have combined in a splendidly successful effort to produce something that will at once charm the eye and gratify the mind. Mrs. Burnett shows she has lost none of the cunning of the hand that portrayed Little Lord Fauntleroy. The exquisite illustrations and the artistic get-up of the book leave nothing to be desired.

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By Mary E. Wilkins. Cloth, illustrated, \$1.50. "This book places Miss Wilkins at once in the front rank of living writers of English fiction."

Charles Mair's Poems

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Patriotic Song

By Arthur Stanley. With introduction by the Bishop of Calcutta. Cloth, 300 pages, \$1.25. Here is not the Imperial note, but the whole chorus, in which the singers of

every important part of the British Empire, are represented—England, Wales, Scotland, Ireland, Canada, India, South Africa, Australia and New Zealand. The old familiar patriotic songs of England, the Jacobite songs of Scotland, and the best known Irish songs are included.

A Journey to Nature

By J. P. Mowbray. Cloth, \$1.50. This tale deals with a Wall Street man whose doctor orders him to give up work and go to the country to live. The narrative of how he becomes acquainted with nature for the first time, and of the delicate romance that creeps into this primitive life, is told with such freshness and charm as to make the volume unique in contemporary literature.

The Making of a Country Home

By J. P. Mowbray. Cloth, \$1.50. Those whom Mr. Mowbray took with him in his first delightful incursions into the heart of Nature will be glad enough to accompany him again. In this new story he describes the experience of a young married couple who exchange a city flat for a cosy home of their own making on the outskirts of an adjacent town.

"Tarry Thou Till I Come"

(Thulstrup Illustrated Edition.) By George Croly. With introduction by Lew Wallace, and sixteen full-page drawings by T. de Thulstrup. Paper, 75c; cloth, \$1.25 net. Edition de Luxe—A special edition, in two volumes, issued for the Holiday Trade, printed on fine laid paper, and elegantly bound in extra corded cloth. Price, \$1.00. This splendid historical novel, with its superb illustrations, makes a princely gift-book for the holiday season. The story deals with the period intervening between the Crucifixion and the destruction of Jerusalem. Throughout it is replete with Oriental charm and richness, and the character-drawing is marvellous. Lew Wallace gives it as his deliberate judgment that the story is "one of the six greatest novels in the English language."

Galapoff, the Talking Pony

By Tudor Jenks. Illustrated. Cloth, 243 pages, \$1.00. The immediate effect of reading the first chapters of "Galapoff" to the reviewer's children was to make the father of those children order a dozen copies of the book for the fathers of other children. "Galapoff" is just the volume which those fathers need to turn to when, at the close of day, weary and worn, they set home and are immediately besieged by the youngsters for "a story." "Galapoff" will take its place with the universal favorites of childhood, Grimm's "Fairy Tales" and "Alice in Wonderland."

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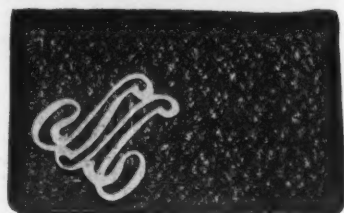
Full News Service, and large staff of
special writers on the problems of the
West.

Advertisers cannot afford to let the
rapidly expanding trade of the Great
Wheat Country escape them.

Write us for rates.

The Telegram Printing Co., Limited,
Winnipeg, Man.

Our ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, No. 8 S, WILL BE SENT YOU ON REQUEST Will Aid You in Selecting Your Holiday Gifts



Sterling Silver Hand Cut Initials,

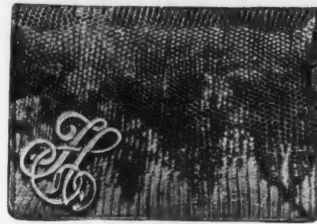
No. 615—Real Seal, in Gray, Black, Brown, Chocolate, Calf-Lined. Price, \$2.00.
No. 674—Real Seal, same shade as 615 in narrow design, fancy front. Price, \$2.50.



No. 678—Unique Grain Seal, Calf Lined, dull finished, Black only, narrow. Price, \$3.00.
No. 675—Same as No. 678, wide design especially suitable for anyone in mourning. Price, \$5.00.

Our-Mail Order System Ensures You Good Selection and Certain Satisfaction.

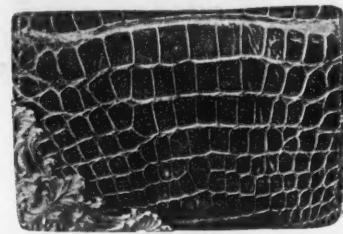
WE PREPAY DELIVERY CHARGES



No. 608—Genuine Lizard, Gray and Red. Price, \$7.00, \$10.00, \$10.00, \$17.00.
No. 609—Genuine Lizard, Elephant, very fine. Price, \$16.00.
No. 609—Genuine Horn Back Alligator. Price, \$5.00, \$7.00, \$10.00.

Brass Hand Cut Initials,

PRICES—
1 1/2 inch, 25c.
1 1/2 inch, 50c.



No. 600—Real Alligator, in all shades, Calf-Lined, Alligator Tipped. Narrow on End. Price, \$3.50.



Ladies' Finger Purse.

No. 686—Real Morocco, Price, 75c.
No. 685—Real Seal, Black, Price, \$1.75.
No. 682—Real Seal, in all colors, Calf-Lined. Price, \$1.50.

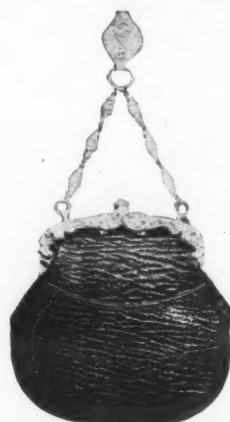
Our Showing of Gifts for Ladies is Very Complete and Choice.



Music Holders.

No. 704—Seal Grain. Price, \$2.00.
No. 704—Seal Grain, same as cut. Price, \$2.50.
No. 705—Real Seal, same as cut. Price, \$3.
No. 702—Real Morocco, same as cut. Price, \$4.00.
No. 701—Real Seal, Outer pockets, Price, \$5.00.

Shopping Bags,
\$2.00,
\$2.25,
\$3.00,
\$4.00,
in Fine Leathers



Ladies' Chatelaine Bags.

Prices, 50c., \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$3.00, \$4.00, \$5.00, \$6.00, \$7.00, up to \$15.00.

Stamp Cases
25c. and 35c.
Novelty Blotters
Price, 25c.



Ticket Holders.

No. 1927—Fancy Leather. Price, 125c.
No. 1928—Real Seal, card size. Price, 50c.
Other Styles, 10c. and 15c.



Novelty Ink Bottles.

No. 10—Rough Rider Hats, 25c.
No. 2—Football, Small, 25c.
No. 8—Large, 50c.
No. 11—Sailor Hat, 25c.
No. 12—Vichy Bottle, 25c.
No. 13—Apollinaris Bottle, 25c.
No. 14—Seltzer Jar, 35c.



Ladies' Traveling Pocket.

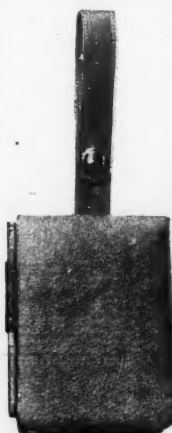
No. 310—Grey Buckskin. Price, \$1.00.
No. 311—Neck Pocket. Price, 25c.



Ladies' Finger Purse.

No. 689—Rehring Walrus, in Grey, Brown and Black. Price, \$2.50.
No. 690—Real Alligator, in fancy colors, Calf-Lined. Price, \$3.50.
No. 687—Genuine Lizard, in Grey and Red, Calf-Lined. Price, \$5.00.

Ladies' Belts
75c.,
\$1.00
and
\$1.25



Golf Score Covers

No. 52—Real Morocco, \$1.25
No. 53—Real Seal, \$1.50



Traveling Photograph Cases

No. 13—Cabinet Size, Two Photos, Price, \$1.25
No. 16—Cabinet Size, Morocco. Price, \$1.75
No. 17—Cabinet Size, Real Seal. Price, \$2.00

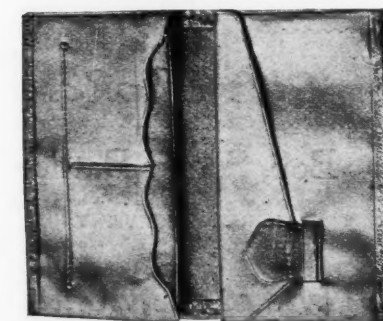


Ladies' Writing Folios.

No. 702—Real Seal Grain. Price, \$2.50.
No. 703—Real Morocco. Price, \$3.00.
No. 700—Genuine Alligator. Price, \$3.00.
Other prices, \$2.00 to \$15.00.

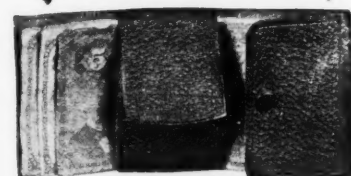
We can only show in this space a limited number of articles suitable for Holiday Gifts. Our Illustrated Catalogue describes them more fully.

We have a rich display in Our Store of Fine Goods, Prices from 10c. to \$100



Gentlemen's Card Cases.

No. 1507—Real Seal, all colors. Price, 75c.
No. 1508—Real Morocco, same as cut. Price, \$1.00.
No. 1509—Real Seal. Price, \$1.25.
Other values, 35c. to \$2.00.



Men's Bill Folds.

No. 1515—Real Morocco. Price, 50c.
No. 1516—Real Seal. Price, 75c.
No. 1517—Real Seal Calf-Lined. Price, \$1.
Combination Change and Bill Fold.
No. 1521—Real Morocco. Price, \$1.00.
No. 1522—Real Seal. Price, \$1.25.



Traveling Cribbage Set.

Complete with Finely Polished Boards, Pegs and Gilt-Edged Cards.
No. 1935—Real Morocco. Price, \$2.00.
No. 1936—Real Seal. Price, \$2.50.
No. 1937—Real Alligator. Price, \$3.00.

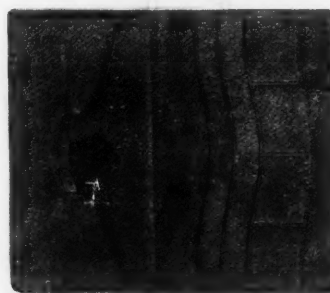
Novelty Pen Wipers.
Sterling Ornaments.
Prices, 35c. and 50c.

We Have a Fine Display of Gifts for Men at all Prices



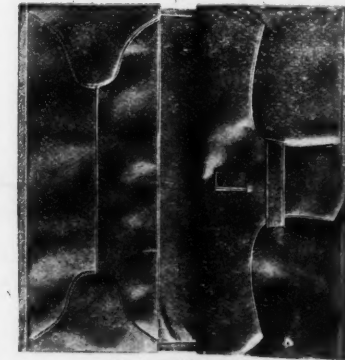
Whist and Euchre Sets.

In Leather Cases.
No. 1939—Calf, Green, Brown. Price, \$1.00.
No. 1940—Real Seal. Price, \$1.25.
No. 1942—Real Seal Lion. Price, 175.
No. 1943—Real Alligator. Price, 2.00



Men's Letter Cases.

No. 1555—Real Morocco. Price, \$1.00
No. 1556—Real Seal, in all colors. Price, 2.25
No. 1557—Real Morocco, calf lined, Price, 3.00
No. 1551—Real Seal, calf lined. Price, 3.50
Other prices, 50c. to \$5.00



Men's Bill Books

No. 1509—Seal Grain. Price, \$1.00
No. 1506—Gros Grain. Price, 2.00
No. 1501—Real Morocco. Price, 3.00
No. 1500—Real Seal. Price, 3.50
Other Prices, \$1.00 to \$5.00.



Fitted Toilet Cases.

No. 230—Same as Cut for Men. Price, \$8.00.
No. 281—Same as Cut for Ladies. Price, \$8.
Dressing Cases \$4.00 to \$25.00



Collar and Cuff Boxes

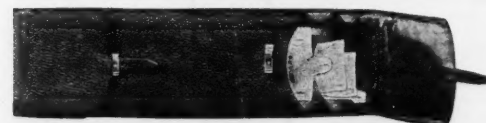
No. 302—Collar Box. Price, \$1.00.
No. 303—Cuff Box. Price, \$1.00.
No. 300—Combination Collar and Cuff Box, with patent top for Studs. Price, \$2.50.



Gentlemen's Fitted Suit Cases.

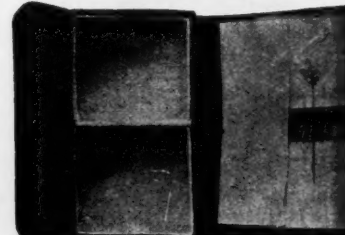
No. 950—Real Ebony Brushes. Price, \$30.00
No. 951—For Ladies, Real Ebony Brushes. Price, 25.00
Sterling Tops, \$8.00 extra.

Brief Bags...
\$5.00, \$5.50,
\$6.00, \$6.50.
Lettered as Desired.



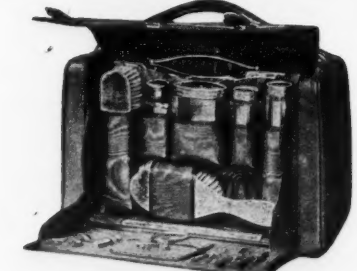
Men's Flat Collar and Cuff Cases.

No. 305—Strap Leather, Brown, Olive. Price, \$1.50.
No. 306—Seal Grain, Black, Tan. Price, \$2.00.
No. 307—Real Morocco, Black. Price, \$3.00.
No. 308—Real Seal, Black, Brown. Price, \$4.00.



Stick Pin Cases.

No. 50—Calf or Morocco. Price, \$1.25.
No. 51—Real Seal. Price, \$1.50.



Ladies' Fitted Toilet Bag.

No. 960—Real Morocco. Price, \$20.00
No. 961—Sterling Mountings. Price, \$25.00
Other Styles, \$13.00 to \$65.00.

Surgical Bags
\$4.75,
\$5.00,
\$6.00,
\$6.25.

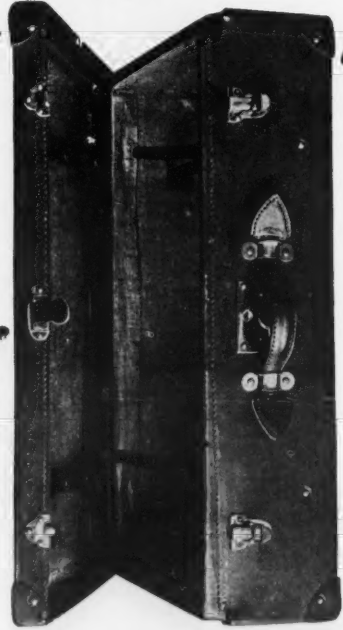


Gentlemen's Deep Club Bag

No. 921—Natural Grain Black, 18 in., \$11.00.
No. 922—Brown. Price, \$10.00.
We have all the popular designs.
Prices, \$3.00 to \$30.00.

Horn Back Alligator Club Bags

Prices—
\$7.00, \$13.00,
\$14.00, \$18.00,
\$21.00, \$23.00,
\$28.00, \$35.00.



Suit Cases

Suit Case
Style No. 707

Leather Lined,
Sewed in Frame,
Brass Lock and
Catches. Price,
24 inch, \$8.00



Ladies' Kit Bag.

No. 978—Natural Grain, Black. Price, \$8.00.
No. 979—Natural Grain, Black, 22 inch, \$22.00.
No. 980—Real Seal, 16 inch. Price, 12.00.

English Style Kit Bag
No. 975—Natural Grain Brown, 22 inch, \$21.00.
No. 976—Natural Grain Black, 22 inch, \$22.00.
24 inch, \$23.00.



Horn Back Alligator Club—18 inch, \$20.00.

**Steamer Trunks,
Dress Trunks,
Solid Leather Trunks,
Basket Trunks.**

We Have the Largest Display Shown in Canada. Prices, \$5.00 to \$65.00



Steamer Trunk, Style No. 858.—32 in., \$19.00; 34 in., \$19.50; 36 in., \$20.00.

We Letter Trunks, Bags and Suit Cases as desired Free of Charge.

The JULIAN SALE
Leather Goods Co., Limited, 105 KING ST. WEST